McKean County Miner.

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THE FAMOUS CAPITAL CASES ENDED AT LAST.

The Capital Graft Actions Closed at Harrisburg.

MUCH MONEY IS PAID BACK.

The State Sued for $5,500,000 and Gets by Agreement Between Attorneys, $1,595,740—Where the Money Comes From is Not Made Known—'Tis Paid to Treasurer.

Harrisburg, Pa., Jan. 10.—With one sweep of the sponge every capitol graft case, criminal and civil, was wiped off the slate today and they will never be heard of again in this county unless the Supreme court reverses the Dauphin county court and gives a new trial to Joseph M. Huston, the architect, under a sentence of two years in the penitentiary for conspiracy which is not probable.

The civil suits for $5,500,000 instituted by the State against the grafters were settled in court this afternoon by agreement of attorneys and the State virtually gets $1,595,740. Of this Frank G. Harris, ex-state treasurer, and six other defendants turn over $1,100,000.

H. Bird Cassel and seven others disgorge $200,000. Contractor Sanderson's executors hand back to the State $108,879 for unpaid warrants.

Architect Huston returns $50,000 unpaid warrants; Payne & Co. waive claim to $55,000 for extras on capitol and the balance is made up of small sums.

The cash was at once paid over to the State treasurer, and the warrants turned back to the State treasurer.

On the 26 criminal suits brought three years ago 20 were today discontinued, six having been tried of which the State won five and lost one. Nobody knows who paid the money, and the attorneys refuse to tell.

The curtain has fallen on Pennsylvania's greatest scandal.

A FAKE MURDER STORY.

A Joker Started a Story of that Sort Last Saturday Evening.

Some person who evidently wanted to create a little excitement and give the local officers something to do started a story last Saturday evening that a well-known young man of this borough had shot and killed a young girl that evening at some indefinite spot in the south side of town.

The local police and a number of citizens hastened to that part of the town to learn the particulars and assist in capturing the supposed murderer, but after their long walk they could find no signs of anything unusual having happened in that quiet and peaceful community and they returned to their usual duties. It has not been learned who was the originator of the story or how it got such a healthy start without any parentage. This is perhaps a very lucky thing for its author for should the right name come to the ears of the young man who was given credit for committing the crime the chances are he would make it rather interesting for the person who started the story.

KANE GIRL SUES FOR $30,000.

A Young Man from Kane is Defendant in Breach of Promise Case.

The first breach of promise suit brought in the courts of McKean county for a good many years was started here on Tuesday by Miss Mabel Lillian Cupp of Kane to recover damages from James Montgomery, of the same place, to the amount of $30,000.

The young lady alleges that Mr. Montgomery has sometime in the past proposed marriage to her, but later has apparently changed his mind and therefore she asks the court to give her judgment against her former lover in the sum of $30,000, as a sort of balm to her wounded affections.

This case promises to be extremely interesting and will be watched with considerable interest, not only by the legal fraternity, but by many in the county.

Millinery for Winter.

My Millinery display for Winter is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' headgear, call and see

CHARLIE CLARK.

CHEMICAL PURCHASED.

LaFrance Engine to Remain in Town—Demonstration Satisfactory.

At a meeting of the borough council held Monday evening the LaFrance Fire Chemical Engine which was sent here on approval, was bought. Last Saturday afternoon both the LaFrance and Ajax engines were given a thorough test back of the Hamilton block by representatives of the borough council and each engine did the work claimed for it in a very satisfactory manner. But, even though the LaFrance engine was the more expensive of the two, it was thought best to purchase it in preference to the Ajax, principally on account of the construction, which is much more durable. The council has turned the engine over to the Smethport Fire Department, which organization is now fully equipped to cope with any kind of a fire.

At the next meeting of the fire department which will be held Friday evening, Feb. 3, at 8 o'clock, a resolution will be voted on to divide the department into five separate companies instead of four, as at present. The extra company, if the resolution is favorably acted upon, will be known as the Smethport Chemical company. The resolution also provides that each company shall compose of 16 active firemen, instead of 18, as at present.

DEATH OF MRS. CARPENTER.

Aged and Respected Lady Passed Away on Saturday Last.

Our Larabee correspondent says: Died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. William Galutia at Union, N. Y., on Saturday evening, Jan. 7, 1911, Mrs. Mary A. Carpenter, wife of the late S. T. Carpenter, aged 67 years.

Mrs. Carpenter was born in Clarksville, N. Y., in 1838, and was a daughter of Daniel and Hannah Childs, who came to this region when the deceased was a small child. She had been an invalid for several years, and at the death of her husband, which occurred last May, she went to live with her daughter, Mrs. Galutia, where her death occurred. She was the mother of five children, three of whom survive her, namely: Mrs. A. J. Cooper, of Bolivia, N. Y.; Mrs. W. E. Galutia, of Union, N. Y.; and M. M. Carpenter of Perrysville.

The remains were brought to this place on the Monday evening train, and the funeral was held on Wednesday at 1 o'clock p. m., Rev. Prosper Miller officiating, and the interment was in Oak Hill cemetery, Eldred.

P. H. C. MEETING.

Tuesday Evening Was Greatly Enjoyed by Members—Officers Installed.

Tuesday evening, Jan. 10, 110 of the 200 members of the local order of Protected Home Circle, met in their lodge rooms in the I. O. O. F. building and spent a very enjoyable evening.

Ralph E. Burdick was initiated into the mysteries of this fraternal order by the degree team consisting of 12 ladies, under the skilled leadership of Mrs. Mollie E. Pierce, and the work was never more beautifully exemplified than on this occasion. This was also the night for the semi-installation of officers, which was done in a fine manner by the degree team.

After the business meeting the ladies served elegant refreshments which were hugely enjoyed by all present. The balance of the evening was spent in dancing and card playing.

This order has paid to its members benefits amounting to over $17,000 and is in a most flourishing condition.

KILLED NEAR KANE.

Caught Under Belt and Whirled to His Death—Alone When It Happened.

Kane, Pa., Jan. 10.—William Lindermuth, an oil well pumper, employed by the Kane Glass company on wells located about two miles from this borough in the vicinity of the McDermott farm, was killed by being caught in the belt of the engine. His body was found by a man named Anderson. No one witnessed the accident and no one it able to explain how it happened. It is presumed that Lindermuth was caught in the machinery in some way soon after it started in the morning.

Deceased was about 45 years of age. His wife died two years ago. His mother and a brother live here.

The remains were taken in charge by Undertaker Smullins and prepared for burial.

TWO CHILDREN BURNED.

Lost Their Lives While Locked in Their Home at Coudersport.

The Enterprise says: Last Thursday afternoon, just as the Enterprise was being printed, the three little children of Mr. and Mrs. Diego Sting, J. of the tannery, were burned to death in a fire that consumed the house and all it contained.

It was difficult to ascertain the name of the family. Although the name is Stingoni, the name by which the father was known at the tannery office and the name by which he received his salary check, was Frank, as stated in last week's Enterprise.

The mother had gone to a nearby store, leaving her three babies locked in the house. When she returned she found the little dwelling in flames. By heroic efforts, the four-months-old baby was rescued. The bodies of Frank, aged twenty-two months, and Jennie, aged three years, were found near the door, as though in an attempt to get out of the burning house and had the door not been locked they might have accomplished this.

The funeral was held Saturday morning at the Catholic cemetery under the direction of Schutt & Gillon and Rev. D. S. Sheehan officiating.

That two innocent lives must be so sacrificed was a shocking and horrible disaster.

ROEDER-SHAFFER.

Well Known Farmers Valley Young Man United in Marriage at Austin.

This morning at 7:30, at St. Augustine's parsonage, Rev. P. W. O'Brien performed the ceremony that unites in the bonds of holy matrimony Elmer Roeder and Mrs. Orphelia Shaffer. The couple were attended by Geo. Gray and Myrtle Shaffer, son and daughter of the bride.

The happy couple left on the 7:50 train for a short wedding trip after which they will make their future home in Austin.

Mr. and Mrs. Roeder are among our most popular citizens and their many friends will join us in extending congratulations.—Austin Autograph.

Mr. and Mrs. Roeder came to Smethport last week and spent Sunday with his parents in Farmers Valley.

The groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Roeder of Farmers Valley and is well known in Smethport and vicinity where he has many friends who wish him and his bride a long and happily married life.

BOY SHOT IN THE LUNG.

Accidental Discharge of Firearm Proved to be Serious—Victim is Expected to Recover.

Kane, Pa., Jan. 10.—(Special)—Sylvester Mahoney, aged 13 years, son of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Mahoney, residing at Lamont Siding, about four miles from here, was shot in the right lung, accidentally, by Homer Adams, 12 years of age, last Saturday afternoon. The shooting happened while the boys were playing with a small rifle at the home of Harry Adams.

At the Kane Hospital the ball was probed for by Dr. Evan O'Neil Kane and after considerably difficulty, was removed together with a small particle of cloth which was carried into the wound. The ball had entered from the back.

Homer Adams is a brother of Edwin Adams, the boy who disappeared so mysteriously last April and was never heard of thereafter. The injured boy will probably recover.

ALL SHOULD HELP.

No town will become a good business center so long as its business men rely on a few merchants to make the effort to bring trade to town. Too often the men in a few lines of trade are about the only ones that reach out after custom. Other merchants wait until these men induce the people to come to town, and content themselves with the trade that naturally drifts to their stores. A business man should ask himself if he is doing his share to attract people to come to town to trade and help the entire business community, and no town is a success unless all lines are working to extend the trade as far as possible, and trying to bring a large territory in the circles of which the town is the business center, truthfully remarks an exchange.

This is a hunch that can be taken seriously by a number of Smethport merchants, who are crying "hard times," but not spending a cent to attract trade to their stores, much less to the town.

TWO SMALL FIRES DO VERY LITTLE DAMAGE.

Curtains Caught on Fire in Both Instances.

FIREMEN WERE NOT CALLED OUT

J. C. Backus' House on Friday Evening and Henry Hallman's on Monday Morning—Both Were Quickly Discovered.

Although we have had two fires in this borough within the past week the damage done does not exceed $100. This is entirely due to the fact that they were discovered promptly and properly fought.

Last Friday evening about six o'clock while Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus were out of the house and Mrs. Blaker, mother of Mrs. Backus, was busy in the kitchen and little Teddy, the adopted son of Mr. and Mrs. Backus was playing in the sitting room, he suddenly called to his grandmother to come. At first she did not respond but when he called the second time he said there was a fire and she rushed into the room to find the lace curtains all ablaze. At almost the same time the fire was discovered by persons on the street and with their assistance she soon had the fire extinguished.

The curtain was consumed and the window frame badly scorched and several holes were burned in the rug. The fire originated from a waste paper basket nearby, in which the little fellow had thrown a piece of paper which he had set of fire, but thought had burned out. The damage is comparatively small and is covered by insurance.

On Monday forenoon the house of Henry Hallman caught on fire in a somewhat similar manner. In passing out of the sitting room one of the members of the family shut the door quickly which created a draft that blew the curtain into an open gas fire. Luckily, however, the accident was discovered almost immediately and the fire was put out before much damage was done. Had this fire got any start to speak of nothing could have saved the Hallman home. The wind was blowing a hurricane and before the firemen could have reached the place the house would have been past saving. The small loss was covered by insurance.

ATTEMPTS MURDER AND SUICIDE

Little Valley Man Attacked Woman With a Hammer and Then Cut His Throat—He Will Die.

Little Valley, N. Y., Jan. 10.—Edward B. Smith murderously assaulted his wife yesterday morning and after trying to take her life, slashed his throat with a razor. Mrs. Smith, although terribly injured, is expected to recover, but the man is hourly growing weaker and has no chance of recovery.

Several weeks ago Smith left home after frequently quarreling with his wife. The man was a hard drinker and often had little arguments with Mrs. Smith over money matters. Yesterday morning he returned home and later went down town. While in a cutlery plant he told the workmen that he intended to kill his wife before night, but nobody paid any attention to his threat.

At 10:30 a. m. he went to the house, secured a hammer and without warning murderously attacked his wife. The woman's screams for help alarmed her daughter, Winifred, who ran to the nearest neighbor. Smith repeatedly struck at his wife with the hammer. The bones of one of her hands were broken, while she warded off the blows. Several times the infuriated man succeeded in landing lusty blows upon her head. Her scalp was cut in many places and finally a well aimed blow felled her to the floor. As Smith prepared to finish his work, a shout from the door caused him to pause. Constable Thomas had been summoned and was entering the house as Smith drew a razor from his pocket.

The man evidently intended to cut his wife's throat, but the sight of the constable caused him to change his mind and he drew the keen-edged razor across his own throat with a savage sweep. Running to the top of the stairs, Smith then defied the constable to come and take him. The blood streamed from the gash in his throat, and Smith presented a terrifying appearance as he stood at the head of the stairs and defied the officer. Sheriff Wheaton was summoned and on his arrival Smith was induced to surrender. He was taken to the hospital ward of the county jail, where he now lies in a precarious condition.

Mrs. Smith was given attention by Drs. Beal and Bedient. It was found that the hammer blows had failed to fracture the woman's skull and she is expected to recover.

Smith is about 40 years old and formerly lived in Allegany, N. Y.

FIRE ALARM WHISTLE.

Arrangements are Being Made to Use Whistle With Compressed Air.

The fire alarm whistle which has been taken to the Backus Novelty works on Water street to test it for blowing with compressed air, has been found perfectly satisfactory, and as soon as a tank with sufficient capacity can be obtained it will be again placed in position on the hose house. Negotiations are pending between the fire alarm committee of the fire department and the owners of a large tank at the Heinemann Chemical Co. at Crosby. If it is possible to obtain this large tank and place it in position a line will either be laid to the Backus Novelty air compressor or a small compressor will be purchased and placed in John Vanliad's blacksmith shop at the rear of the hose house, and a line laid to it. This, when full of compressed air, would have power enough to blow this whistle a sufficient length of time to awaken every resident within a mile radius. Easy access would be had to the Vanliad shop or Novelty works to quickly charge the tank again. At present the whistle is in position at the [illegible] and to [illegible] a telephone to this establishment would result in having the alarm turned in. But until the whistle is again installed on the hose house, at night, after 10 or 11 o'clock it would be advisable to ring the bell on the Swedish church, back of the Hotel Imperial.

LOOKING FOR HER HUSBAND.

A Port Allegany Woman Smashed in a Door of Neighbor's House To Find Him.

Last Saturday evening Mrs. George Knapp of Port Allegany created quite a bit of excitement in that usually peaceful community while in quest of her lord and master. It seems that hubby did not reach home at the proper time to suit his better half and therefore she started out to find him. For some reason unknown to the writer Mrs. Knapp suspected that he had carelessly wandered to the home of a neighbor and was spending the evening with other members of the gentler sex.

Of course she was not jealous but she wended her way to the aforesaid domicile and upon receiving no response to her timid knock, tried the door and upon finding it locked proceeded to punch out a panel in the door. She then reached through, unlocked the door and entered. The dialogue that followed between the ladies present has not been recorded but we have it on good authority that numerous remarks were made. And the disappointing part of the whole proceeding is that she did not find her husband.

PECULIAR ACCIDENT.

Horse Backed into Furnace at Garbage Plant.

A heavy iron-grey draught horse, owned by H. L. Dale, backed into the furnace at the city garbage crematory Wednesday, at Oil City, says the Derrick, and efforts at its rescue being ineffectual, it was shot and killed.

The horse had been hired to Armour & Co., and was in charge of Fred Sloan, who drove to the crematory with a load of refuse. The furnace is a pit, the mouth of which is on a level with the floor of the receiving room. The fire in the furnace had been going out but a short time when Sloan arrived, and he backed the sled to the furnace. The horse's feet slipped on the sheet iron floor around the mouth of the pit and its hind legs dropped into the hole. Efforts to stop its further fall by means of planks and by shoving the heavy iron lid against the animal was ineffectual and it dropped to the bottom. Water was turned in and the fire drowned out and for more than an hour men with block and tackle tried to raise the horse to the surface. Finally it was shot with a rifle borrowed from Samuel Burkhart, a neighbor.

UNTHRIFTY FRUIT TREES.

The owner of an orchard in the southern part of the state writes to Prof. H. A. Surface, Economic Zoologist, of the State Department of Agriculture, stating that his young fruit trees are unthrifty, and not making the amount of growth necessary. Suspecting insect injury, he writes for information. Prof. Surface's letter to him is given herewith, commenting incidentally upon neglected orchards:

"The best treatment of your young young orchard is to keep it in absolutely clean cultivation during the first half of the growing season, and a cover crop, such as crimson clover during the second half and during the winter. However, if you can not do this, the next best is to mulch it well with barnyard manure, even if you find it best to buy the manure in order to do this. If this is impossible, a third resource is, to use commercial fertilizer. By this I mean fertilizer about such as is to be called a good potato fertilizer, using from five to ten pounds to the tree, according to the size of each. The nitrate of soda can be used applying from one to three pounds to a tree according to size. It should be applied in the early spring as soon as growth is started, and renew it once in four or six weeks. One or two applications are enough.

"All of your trees should be severely trimmed back this winter, if you wish to push their growth. Remember that it will invigorate them to prune them back severely. In addition to a complete fertilizer, you should, by all means, sow some kind of mulch, such as leaves around them, if you can not cultivate them; but more earnestly than this, I would advise you not to undertake to grow an orchard if you can not give it cultivation and proper attention. There are thousands of acres in this country who think they can plant trees and continue in some other business while the trees are growing into profits. This will prove a losing enterprise, as such orchards will not thrive without proper attention, and, in fact considerable expense. Those orchards will be for sale in the course of a few years, and some person will probably buy them at a price that will be a sacrifice to the original owner, but with pruning, spraying and cultivation, as well as proper methods of cover crops, with but very little fertilizer, indeed, he will build them up and make good orchards.

"I note that your trees were fifteen feet tall, when taken up and transplanted. I doubt if it is possible to transplant any such trees and make good trees of them afterward. I can assure you that I would rather have a one-year-old tree transplanted and cut back to a whip, than a fifteen-foot tree transplanted and cut back to six feet.

"If the trees have started now, it is not necessary to feel so discouraged as to think they should be taken out, but I am satisfied that you should have something more than a mere scattering of nitrate of soda or other commercial fertilizer around them. Also, you should watch carefully and see if they are infested with San Jose scale or other pests, and if so, they should be sprayed with the right material at the right time and in the right manner. I trust you will not think that I am criticizing you too severely, as I write this communication in a spirt of helpfulness, rather than of criticism. If I can extend to you any further service, I shall be glad to do so."

From Ballroom to Pulpit.

A big religious campaign is being held for the next ten days in the Union church at East Smethport, by Evangelist J. A. Higby. You want to hear him. He speaks what he thinks and thinks what he speaks. Come out and bring your friends. He is ably assisted by a good band of singers.

The State pays the tuition of prospective teachers at Edinboro Normal. The present session began Jan. 3, 1911. Send for catalog.

Jan.12-1t John F. Digler.

Not Without Hope.

A man may be absolutely impossible, but somewhere there is some woman who doesn't think so.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Subscribe for The Miner.

Raising the Limit

A Story of What Happened on Christmas Eve

By Jeanne Olive Loizeaux

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It was Christmas eve in a city. The rich were preparing by the expenditure of hundreds, perhaps thousands of dollars to enjoy the festivities, those in moderate circumstances piecing out what they did not have by working with their own hands the poor—alas the poor—going without the joys others were blessed with except where the good Lord sent some benevolent person to hunt them up and bestow upon them a dinner or a few toys for the children—the children that it would seem Christmas is especially for.

The streets were crowded with belated purchasers, some buying decorations some gifts of value some a few simple toys. The spirit of Christmas was among them—within them. A father had forgotten that he had promised Jimmie a jackknife, a mother that Lucy must have a set of dishes; brothers and sisters remembered at

'WE'LL START SQUARE.'

the last moment some forgotten article and were hurrying hither and thither to supply the deficiency. There were lovers who had but lately plighted their troth in the mix.

Big Jim Hilliard was the busiest of the busy. He had the loudest and wildest greeting for the throngs of friends and chance acquaintances he met. He had no use for the throngs of women and children who were out. Of all the hurrying throngs he was the most conspicuous. And it was to avoid this publicity that he was standing in the shadow of the awning of a closed shop. He was very pretty indeed.

He knew the girl. It was Babe Shanahan. He could hear her voice and she chattered on.

Can't you wait a little longer, girl? Others go back to work after Christmas. Nothing else pays. She nodded assent to them.

I'll get home but let me out of here now. They yielded reluctantly, but the young man freed himself to her and took her arm. She shook off his touch like fire.

It's a mistake to have brought me here, she flamed. I've promised to go home and I can't ask you. Can I? What chance would I have? My mother's—But he seized her arm and she walked her rapidly away from the noise and crowd down a side street where it was quiet.

Babe, he pleaded, I'm not much and I don't see why you'll marry me well but I'm square. You give me a chance and I'll give you one. She freed him at last upbraidingly and unbelieving.

My name, not Babe, it's Molly. What do you mean talking about—getting married? A year ago—just a year ago—if you'd said that it would have saved me. Now—

Now—it will save both of us. I mean it, Molly. You're a thousand times too good for me. But marry me, and I'll take you home and I'll stick by you. You can tell your mother you've been married a year. You ought to have been and we'll make it true. Her eyes searched his face and he pushed back his hat to help her to give her a chance at his eyes—kind steady eyes too old for so young a man but still clear. The girl knew she could trust them. Suddenly she put her arm up before her face and her tears but she nodded through her tears.

Marry me tonight, he said, and I'll take you home. I'll write a letter in and get a ring and I'll tell Cora from you. We've got $200 to be mine. Come to the postoffice first. He drew her along with him. Once inside she waited while he made out an order for $200 and mailed it to Shorty's wife. Then with a smile he turned to the girl who made shift to smile back at him. He took her hand and pulling her close to his side again went out upon the street. But this time he was no slouching, loiterer—he had a license to procure a justice of the peace or a preacher to find. And then at the station they would buy tickets for home there would be time to ask her where home might be.

As they swung past the corner the squat, velvet voiced Italian from the store in his best offered the man a small plaster image of the Christ child. Big Jim tossed the man a dollar and put the little symbol of good will to men into Molly Shane's willing hand. Her lips murmured a silent prayer—a prayer that they might be good again that she might be good. She made silent vows of immaculate wifehood. And she knew that, being good, they would find their happiness together.

ALZINA'S TREE

The Momentous Part It Played at Christmas

By ELLEN P. BANKHEAD

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The red farmhouse was set in a white expanse of snow. The drooping elms protected the roof with wide spread arms clothed in ermine, and where the crisp wind had blown away the covering the limbs were darkly sketched against the bright blue sky. A thin spiral of smoke drifted up from the big chimney and shimmered away into nothingness.

Close to the south bow window grew the sturdy graceful cedar that had been planted when Miss Alzina was born.

Alzina Tweed lived alone with her third cousin, the Widow Lasbury, who had no home of her own. Mrs Lasbury was a very fat woman who ate a great deal and talked incessantly. Sometimes Alzina would take her sewing up to the chilly seclusion of her own bedroom in order to escape the continual babbling of her cousin's tongue.

The day before Christmas these sat before the sitting room fire sewing industriously. Alzina was knitting a pair of red mittens for the boy who brought the milk while Mrs Lasbury was addressing Christmas cards with a pen dipped in violet ink.

Suddenly the widow lifted her head and looked critically at her younger cousin. Alzina was four and-slender and she had passed her thirty fifth year but her skin was fresh and unlined and her gray eyes were clear and innocent as a child's. She wore a plain gray dress and her brown hair was drawn smoothly back from her low white forehead.

'Alzina,' said Mrs Lasbury ponderously, 'I never thought you set much store by Christmas.'

The other looked up inquiringly. 'I don't know as I ever did, Eliza—not since I was a little child. You see we had lots of trouble when I was young. It seemed as if there was another child every Christmas till they were all gone. Since then it's been a lonesome season.'

Mrs Lasbury coughed deprecatingly. 'Seeing as you don't set much store by Christmas I know you wouldn't mind if I went over to Mrs Beebe's to spend the day. She was my cousin to, my husband's and I know.'

Very well, said Alzina quietly and her voice did not tremble with such a mist came into her gray eyes.

'It's as if you'd as much of the day as I care. Christmas is like most holidays for people of the widow in self-extenuation. Over to Beebe's they have a Christmas tree and candles and lots of fun, one. Maybe you'd like to go along with me, though you mightn't enjoy it not knowing anybody over there.'

Alzina smiled at the grudging invitation and a dimple came into her cheek.

'No, thank you, Eliza. I guess I may as well spend the day as usual. You know we live so far away from neighbors we have got out of the habit of participating in their good times. I may walk over to church in the morning. I am sorry you've had such dull holidays here. If I'd only known how you felt we could have had a turkey and all sorts of good things to eat—only Eliza if you'll remember you've spent every Christmas with Mrs Beebe. I've all was been alone.'

I don't remember, remarked Mrs Lasbury vaguely, blotting the last card and putting the cork in the ink bottle. 'I guess I may as well be getting ready. Alzina' Hiram's coming over for me at 5 o'clock and I've got to get together the little things I've been making for the folks—and that reminds me I've got something for you too.' She fumbled through the Christmas cards on the table and extended toward her cousin a gorgeously colored Christmas greeting. 'With a Merry Christmas from Cousin Eliza' was written across the bottom.

'Thank you, Eliza,' said Alzina with a sudden choking in her throat. 'It is very good of you to think of me.'

Not at all, Alzina, returned the widow graciously. 'I think of you very often. Now see here what I've been making for the folks. You see they'll expect me to remember their seeing as I spend every Christmas with them. I bought this waist pattern for Sarah and I made this muffler for Hiram. Neat, ain't it? Esther's been wanting a china cup of her own to drink from and I got this down to the store.'

It's real pretty, said Alzina scarcely seeing the gayly decorated cup through the blurring mist before her eyes. There was a homesick feeling at her heart and a dread of the coming lonely day. Mrs Lasbury had cared enough to plan out gifts for those others. For lonely Alzina there was nothing save the card. Ashamed of the jealousy that had burned briefly in her heart Alzina praised the gifts her kinswoman had prepared and then just before the widow's departure Alzina tucked in her hand a little purse containing a five dollar bill.

'With love and a merry Christmas, Eliza,' she said heartily.

That's real thoughtful of you, Alzina, cried Mrs Lasbury, quite moved by her cousin's generosity. 'I most wish you was coming along to enjoy the Christmas tree.'

'I shall have a Christmas tree of my own,' said Alzina spiritedly.

Mrs Lasbury stared. 'For the land! What do you mean?' she demanded.

Alzina pointed toward the window where the feathery plume of the cedar branches tapped the pane. 'That is my Christmas tree,' she smiled bravely. 'When the birds come tomorrow they'll find bits of suet and other goodies and Bibb Chip the squirrel that lives in the hollow will find a handful of nuts. Then there's the red mittens for Jimmie and a jar of mincemeat for Mrs Peterkin. Why, we'll have quite a merry Christmas here after all. I wish I'd thought of it before.'

Alzina's cheeks grew quite pink and her gray eyes sparkled.

My land, Alzina, you're almost pretty, she admitted grudgingly. 'I was so glad down to the sewing circle why you never encouraged any company. There's plenty of young men would like to call on you and most of them would like to marry you. I thought young Fred Pierson was quite smitten when he walked home from meeting. Well, you needn't look so mad, Alzina. Most girls would be glad to have him looking at 'em.

'Here is Mr Beebe,' remarked Alzina, turning from the window with hot dusky cheeks. 'I hope you'll have a Merry time, Cousin Eliza.'

I expect I shall, said the widow complacently. She bundled herself in a large cloak and tied a woolen shawl over her head. 'I shall stop in the postoffice and see if my present has come from Hillsville. Do you really mean you're going to have a Christmas tree, Alzina, like you said?' And as Alzina did not assent Mrs Lasbury tucked her double chin in the folds of her shawl and added condescendingly: 'Well I wish you joy of it.'

When she was alone Alzina thought about the Christmas tree she had so bravely planned in Mrs Lasbury's presence and she tried not to remember that she was all done and that her natural reserve had shut her away from the few friends she might have possessed. There was no one to remember her this lonely Christmas eve and so she must try and remember the few people she knew. She tied bright dime in each thumb of the red mittens and wrapping them in white tissue paper placed them in the milk pail outside the door. She groped down cellar for a jar of mincemeat and made it ready to take to old Mrs Peterkin in the morning.

When she opened the pantry door to find some bits of suet for the birds she met a surprise. There on the broad shelves the conscience stricken Mrs Lasbury had unpacked two mince pies and a goodly piece of pumpkin. There was a small roasted chicken and a dish of cranberry sauce ready to be warmed up. Her eyes welled into Alzina's eyes.

That just shows that every dog is better natured than I think they are, she said as she closed the door on Cousin Eliza's private but substantial offering. I'm ashamed of myself when I think how much I'm missing of all the business just by being so narrow minded.

Before she went to bed Alzina read the 11 truthful stars of the first Christmas and although she had read it before it never held so much tender meaning for her as it did this anniversary of the blessed birthday.

She awoke cheerful and confronted, and while there was no Christmas greeting waiting her from the silent rooms of the house she resolved that when another year rolled around the Christmas season would find a happy gathering under her own roof—the time and the halt and the blind. Ave she would find them in the highways and byways. There would never be another lonely Christmas.

When she opened the sitting room door she saw the tree. After her first start of amazement she stood silently looking through the windows at the beautiful sight. Somebody had shaken the snow from her cedar and dressed the branches with tinsel and strings of popcorn. Somebody had tied oranges and candy canes and popcorn balls to the stems while there were several mysterious looking packages depending from the lower branches.

Alzina tiptoed out of the door and like one in a dream approached the tree. Her slender feet made deep tracks in the snow and the morning sunshine turned her brown hair into a maze of gold. Almost reverently she touched the branches that bore the Christmas fruits, and then she untied one of the packages and slowly opened it. Inside was a dainty white apron with a Christmas card. 'To Alzina from Sarah Beebe.' There was another present from Mr Beebe and one from Esther and a real present from Cousin Eliza Lasbury—a knitted afghan. Then there was a big box of candy from Fred Pierson's mother, and, lastly, a very tiny box hanging all alone.

When Alzina opened it she found a beautiful little turquoise ring and in it was twisted a note from Fred Pierson himself. 'If it's all right, Alzina, wear this down to the gate,' he had written bashfully.

After she had wiped the tears from her eyes Alzina Tweed saw that all the friendly Beebes and Cousin Eliza Lasbury were peering at her from adjacent points of vantage. 'I never had such a good time in my life,' panted Mrs Lasbury as they gathered about her. 'When I told Mrs Pierson about it she and Fred wanted to join in, and so they did. If you'll give us some breakfast, Alzina, we'll take you back to Beebe's with us. Fred and his mother'll be there and—where are you going?'

'If you'll excuse me a moment,' blushed Alzina twisting the turquoise ring around her finger—'I've got an errand down to the gate.'

And all the Beebes and Cousin Eliza winked solemnly at each other.

SUPREME COURT WORK.

How the Justices Prepare Decisions and Dissenting Opinions

On Saturday evening each justice receives from the chief justice an envelope containing the names of the cases the chief justice has decided to allow the justice to write the opinions on and the chief justice also notifies the justices of the hour of the conference on Monday morning. The conferences are usually held in the conference room under locked doors. The chief justice presides and cases are taken up or postponed according to the wishes of the justices or their readiness to consider them. Each justice is furnished with a docket book in which he may enter the details of a case the record of the vote on conference and the final disposition. On a case being assigned by the chief justice to a justice to write the opinion of the court the opinion when written must be agreeable to the justices. If not the dissatisfied justice will promptly write a dissenting opinion. In some instances four of the justices have each written a dissenting opinion but the usual custom is for one to write it and announce that the others concur.

Before a case is reached for argument the justices familiarize themselves with its records and briefs, and when one is directed to write the opinion he makes a study of the case, long or short, as its gravity demands. This may be a few days or months. The opinion is dictated and after being typewritten it is corrected, boiled down and often rewritten as the made further revised it sent to the printer. In order that the compositors who set the type may not know the decision of the case the foreman sets up the last few lines of the opinion first, then the case and after the chief has set up he adds them to it as two proofs and forwards the number back and key to the justice. It is again corrected and revised and sometimes altered and returned to the printer corrected by the latter and then read a sort to the justice.

If the opinion is now satisfactory to the justice copies is mailed to each member of the court. These are returned to the justice with the notations of the justice and the opinion is revised and if necessary to conform to their views. If there be a dissenting opinion the justice writing the majority opinion holds it until the dissent is completed.

Then on the Monday the court being in session the justice announces an opinion in the case giving its number and title and then proceeds to read it at length to the crowded people who may be present. If there be a dissenting opinion the justice writing the dissent reads it and announces the names of the justices who concur with him. Afterward the official reporter of the court sends a verified copy of the opinion to the publishers of the United States supreme court reports and the case finally becomes one of the records in the law libraries to be read and reread if of merit or to be forgotten if not worth it.—Independent.

The Secluded Duchess

The Duchesse du Maine who held her court at Sceaux during the reign of the regent was an imperious old lady. One day according to 'A Princess of Strategy' when she was ill she complained to the doctor that he was not curing her quickly enough. What was the good she wanted to know of compelling her to go without so many things and making her live in seclusion? But replied the doctor, 'your most serene highness has at present forty people at the chateau.' 'Forty or fifty people!' said the duchesse. 'Well for a princess that is practically seclusion.'

Infantile Depravity

Ella (aged 4)—Papa, Mr I want a little Miss. What's dear Papa—Is it times to pretend we're getting married and leave the wedding guests throw rice?

Hadn't Settled

Pat—And is your brother has settled in Canada, Mike?—No! still here as so I think he went there to get out of settling Yonkers States man.

Nero's Appearance

In his youth Nero was remarkably handsome but early in manhood his habits of dissipation made him exceedingly corpulent. To judge from his medals and the descriptions left of him he must have weighed over 200 pounds. His features were regular but his eyes were so protuberant as to be almost a deformity, and he was nearsighted so much so that he could not recognize his acquaintances across the street.

Atlas Mountain Dwarfs

Probably the tiniest tribe in the world is the dwarfs of the Atlas mountains of Morocco who are between three and four feet in height.

Mme de Remusat.

Mme de Remusat had features so perfect that her contemporaries said she was worthy to sit as a model for a Greek goddess. The flesh of her face closely resembled alabaster, and yet she was not pale and did not give the impression of being in delicate health. Her beauty attracted universal attention to her no matter where she went, and even in old age she retained most of her good looks.

Our generosity should never exceed our abilities.—Cicero.

Destiny bears us to our lot, and destiny is perhaps our own will.—Disraeli.

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 12, 1911.

Local and General.

—The January clearance sale at Sanden's.

—The old B. B. & K. station at this place is being torn down.

—Yesterday was an unusually slippery day and many falls were recorded.

—The Linthorn Co. has a new advertisement this week which should be read by everybody.

—Classy shoes and ...ers are advertised by Daly & Gaffney in this issue. Read advertisement and see their attractive window display.

—An exchange says: The fellow who mourns for a chance to live his life over again, if given that chance, would miss doing what little good he has accomplished in trying to avoid the follies he has committed.

—Margaret Anglin will be seen at the Bradford Theatre tomorrow (Friday) night in her New York comedy success, "Green Stockings." This clever woman is making a great hit with her "Green Stockings" this season.

—The people began to get a reduction in the price of automobile rubber goods and it is advisable for people to buy their tires and inner tubes now. Read the large advertisement of the Smethport Rubber Company in another column.

—One can now deposit from $1.00 to $100 in a postal savings bank, and get two per cent. interest. The Warren Times remarks that DuBois, where the only bank in the state of that sort is located, is too far for most of us to walk.

—A great January Clearance Sale is advertised by Fry & Comes on the last page of this issue. Great reductions are offered at this sale and it will pay every reader of this paper to read this advertisement carefully and visit the store during this great sale.

—Down in Bedford county they fined a man fifty dollars, the cost of prosecution and ninety days in jail for purchasing liquor for a man of known intemperate habits. If this rule was carried out in more counties there would be less drunkenness by men who are unable to get it at hotels and wholesale houses.

—At the annual stockholders' meeting, Jan. 9th, 1911, of the Electric Toy Mfg. Co. the following officers were elected: President, Dr. Burg Chadwick; vice president, F. L. Sherburne; treasurer, W. F. Specht; secretary, S. H. Cleveland. Directors: F. L. Sherburne, S. H. Cleveland, Dr. Burg Chadwick, W. H. Hungerford, W. J. Kerr.

—On Thursday night last word was received of the sudden death of Thomas H. Griffin at his home in Salamanca, by his sister-in-law, Mrs. Fred D. Gallup. The funeral services were held at 9 o'clock Monday morning at St. Patrick's church, in that place. Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Gallup and daughter, Marion, were in attendance at the funeral.

—The Toronto Male Quartette, which appeared at the Lyceum last Thursday night under the auspices of the Smethport Fire Department, was greeted with a good sized audience. This organization was secured in place of the Panama Canal lecture, and was well received. The quartette work was good; also the Maroharp numbers.

—As it has been unquestionably demonstrated that fruit, especially apples, may be grown successfully in this county it proper care is given the orchards, we are from week to week devoting considerable space to this subject, and we sincerely hope our readers who have orchards are taking advantage of the information furnished through this column.

A Washington dispatch dated Jan. 5, says: While motoring in Cleveland, Ohio, Secretary of the Chevy Chase Club with Representative Charles P. Barclay of Pennsylvania, and a number of the members of the diplomatic corps, Vice President Sherman was held up and "deputized" by Marshal and motorcycle policeman. His machine didn't carry the proper license. After Apprehension had been explained he was allowed to go on his way rejoicing.

—Peter Kock, aged 101 years, 10 months and 5 days, died at Berwick at the home of his son, Nathaniel. He voted on his 100th birthday, and upon that day took his first automobile ride. Until a year ago he was able to walk [illegible] memory has been failing. His oldest daughter is aged 82 years. There are seven children living, as well as 24 grandchildren, 72 great-grandchildren and six great-great-grandchildren.

The McKean County Mutual Fire Insurance Company held their annual meeting in the Citizens' Bank, this borough, and transacted such business as came before the meeting. D. C. Armstrong, treasurer; Frank Harmon of Turtle Point, secretary, and the whole board of directors were re-elected. This company holds about $125,000 in policies and is in a flourishing condition.

ANTS AND ROACHES.

For the destruction of ants and roaches, which often become annoying in the household, the following letter by Prof. H. A. Surface, Harrisburg, Pa., to a Chambersburg lady will be found interesting:

"You can kill the water bugs or roaches, of which you write, by putting where they can get it, a preparation known as 'Roach Food,' which is for sale by many of the drug stores or department stores. Also, I understand that a preparation of two parts flour, one part powdered sugar, and one part plaster of paris, mixed well together, and left where they can eat it will kill them, and will be perfectly harmless. Powdered borax blown into the cracks they inhabit will drive them away.

"For the ants it is best to trace them to their nests, by following the path which they make; and when this is located, which may be down the side of the wall, or in a stump of a tree, pour into it a quantity of benzine, gasolene, or even common kerosene oil. If you can thus kill the queen, you may be sure that the entire trouble will be entirely and permanently ended.

"You can catch many of them by dipping a large porous sponge into dilute syrup or sugar solution, and placing it where they can get into it, and then occasionally dropping it into boiling water, and afterward baiting it, and placing it again for them."

Attractive Title.

The difficulty of using a foreign language was amusingly illustrated when a certain mission started work in China. They were in some perplexity, says Rev. Lord Gascoyne-Cecil in "Changing China," as to the title they should choose for their society. They wanted to convey to the Chinese that their denomination claimed a reality to feed the souls of men. They explained all this to an educated Chinaman and quoted well known texts. He immediately wrote down two characters and assured them that they represented what they had said about the spiritual food that they provided and would also be very popular with the Chinese, as indeed it proved. The moment they opened the door of the chapel they were besieged by hordes of Chinese of the poorer class, who, after listening for a short time, went away discontentedly. The missionaries found out afterward that the title given to them, literally translated, was "health giving free restaurant"—a most attractive title to the hungry Chinese!

Proof of His Generosity.

The teacher had a class in English literature before her. The subject for the day was Gray's "Elegy." She had asked the class to bring in questions on the life of Gray. These questions were to be deposited in a box which was to be opened before the class and each question read aloud. If no one could answer it the one who contributed it was to be called on for the answer.

The first slip drawn out contained this:

"Give a proof of Gray's generosity."

The teacher thought of what a recluse Gray had been and of how little interest he had ever shown in his fellows, and she wondered how any one could have received the impression that he was generous.

Every one looked blank, and no one attempted to answer. The girl who wrote the question was called on for her "proof," and this is what she said:

"He gave to mercy all he had—a tear."—National Monthly.

Letters and Postage Stamps.

"Strange ... some people have about postage," said the clerk who opens the mail. "Yes. See this letter here with three one-cent stamps on it and stamped 1 cent due? That's a case in point. The writer of that letter thought that perhaps it weighed a little over an ounce, a little more than would go for 2 cents, and so he put on a little more postage. I ... which he thought would cover it, when the fact is that it required an additional two cent stamp. Of course you know that 1 cent postage is not [illegible] but that it goes in multiples of two. If a letter weighs over an ounce it requires an additional two cent stamp. But not everybody seems to know this, and so we sometimes get letters like this one with a little more postage for a little more weight."—New York Sun.

A Strange Situation.

"Humor is a very funny thing," said Blinks.

"It ought to be," said the philosopher.

"Oh, I don't mean that way," said Blinks. "I mean that it is a strange thing. Never could I [illegible] I ... jokes and I can't [illegible] Frenchman ... [illegible]

"Most people are [illegible]

"Are what?" said Blinks.

"Blind. If they [illegible] English joke," said the philosopher. "It is a sign of an unusually keen vision."—Harper's Weekly.

Force of the Imagination.

There is a story of a man who was led up in a dark room and informed that he was to be put to death by bleeding. His tormentors made a small incision in his neck and arranged for a stream of lukewarm water to trickle down his back for fifteen minutes. At the end of fifteen minutes the man died of exhaustion. He had not lost a drop of blood, but he thought he had. Such is the power of suggestion.—London Saturday Review.

Suggested a Remedy.

Even medical gentlemen are not devoid of professional jealousy. Two doctors were bragging about the number of their patients.

"Why, last night I was wakened up half a dozen times," said the younger doctor.

"You were, eh?" replied the other. "Well, why don't you buy some insect powder?"

Did Not Look Like It.

"What is it?" asked the visitor in the studio.

"An Italian sunset," replied the proud artist.

"Oh!"

"Didn't you ever see an Italian sunset?"

"Oh, yes. That is the reason I asked what it was."—Yonkers Statesman.

Considerate.

"The most considerate wife I ever heard of," said the philosopher, "was a woman who used to date all her letters a week or so ahead to allow her husband time to post them."

Accomplished.

Blobbs—I never knew such a liar as Longbow. Slobbs—Yes; that fellow could actually eat an onion and lie out of it.—Philadelphia Record.

By Contraries.

Things go by contraries in this world. People who have nothing to say are always talking.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Omnium

A Story of the Year 1985

By F. A. MITCHEL

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It was at the beginning of the present century that one of the sketchers of these colossal fortunes quite common at the time founded an institution for original scientific investigation. Soon after the corps of scientists employed there began their work they made the discovery that living parts of a body might be substituted for decaying parts of another body. For instance, a knee might be replaced by a knee taken from a different person, serving the purpose of a new knee. From this starting point the experimenters proceeded step by step till there was no part of the human body that they could not supply.

Nearly half a century elapsed, however, before these gentlemen succeeded in replacing all the parts in a single human body by similar parts from other bodies.

The first perfect combination man was completed at the institute last year. There was not an organ or a part of an organ in him that had not been taken from another person. The man whose parts had been all removed and replaced had been named Peter Sykes, a criminal condemned for murder. He was given the choice of being executed or turned over to the professors to lose his identity by becoming another person. He shudder[illegible] at the [illegible] ... sonality, but consented rather than die the death of a felon.

The case was the first that was successful in producing an all-together new being. The operators who made, or rather, combined him considered their first duty toward him was to make him like. They chose the Latin word omnium, meaning "of all" that is, Mr. Omnium was made up of all kinds of persons. It was expected by the unscientific folk that he might be supposed to give up the name of Sykes, but as there was nothing of Sykes left in him he made no objection whatever. Indeed, he did not remember ever having been Sykes. The Sykes blood left was not in him at all.

Since Omnium was entirely experimental, the professors who had manufactured him gave orders that he was not to be permitted at least for some time to leave the institution. But a certain part of his health and his right hand had been taken from a banker. The consequence was that Omnium is looking by a cruel hand to [illegible] He is picking the bank with such implements as he found [illegible] about [illegible] walked forth into the world the first man born of a great many mothers and just as many fathers.

As might have been expected, the [illegible] ... followed the ... [illegible] ... [illegible] ... looks from ... [illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible]

McKean County Miner

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HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 12, 1911.

The Keystone Party, according to late reports will have a ticket in the political field in at least 34 of the 67 counties in this state this fall. Following is the list of those counties that have determined to place in nomination candidates for county offices at the June primary election: Allegheny, Philadelphia, Delaware, Chester, Montgomery, Berks, Lebanon, Lancaster, York, Dauphin, Cumberland, Franklin, Bedford, Schuylkill, Lackawanna, Luzerne, Bradford, Wyoming, Montour, Lycoming, Union, Clearfield, Blair, Cambria, Westmoreland, Washington, Beaver, Lawrence, Butler, McKean, Jefferson, Indiana, Mifflin and Juniata.

The case of Mrs. Laura Farnsworth Schenk, charged with attempting to murder her husband by poisoning is being tried at Wheeling, W. Va., this week and it is said that quite a strong case is being made against her. Following is a brief history of the case: Last January John O. Schenk, of Wheeling, W. Va., became mysteriously ill, and decided upon an European trip alone. Shortly after his departure his wife left her home and made her appearance at Atlantic City where she attracted much attention by her pretentious establishment and the lavishness which marked her entertainment of certain male admirers. Rumors of her escapades came to the ears of her husband's relatives and resulted in the hasty return of Mr. Schenk from Europe. Shortly after his return he was again taken mysteriously ill and was confined to his bed in the Schenk mansion, his wife and a nurse, Miss Evans, attending him. Mr. Schenk, who had been in robust health up to the time of his January illness, now developed a malady that baffled the attendant physicians. The family physician, Dr. Frank LeMoyne Hupp, exhausted every clue as to the cause of the man's illness, and in despair asked Miss Evans if she had noticed anything that might lead to an explanation of the strange case. The nurse could think of nothing and Dr. Hupp advised the employment of another physician in consultation. Then Little Virginia Schenk, a 12-year-old daughter, drank a glass of water used in the sick room and immediately fell ill. This circumstance, together with the mysterious character of Schenk's illness suggested to Dr. Hupp and the nurse the possibility of the presence of poison in the sick room drinking water. At the consultation, the visiting physician and Dr. Hupp each managed to secrete a sample of the suspected water, which was sent to John Hopkins University and the West Virginia University for analysis. The result showed in each case, the presence of arsenic. A woman nurse, acting as a detective, then was employed. She obtained Mrs. Schenk's confidence and evidence of a startling character was secured.

The Miner thinks this is the time to sound a note of warning to the Republicans of this county, as we are on the eve of one of the most important county campaigns in the history of the county. Conditions are such that every Republican in this county should awake and begin doing something for the good of his party or see the party lose a number of good offices next fall. With the present prospects of fusion between the Keystone party and the Democrats it is no sure thing that the whole Republican ticket as nominated will be elected, and there is even a possibility that a majority of the ticket may go down to defeat.

There is just one sure way of forestalling these dangers and that is by nominating men for the various offices to be filled who rank as the very best citizens of the county—men who are not only capable and deserving but men who are absolutely above criticism in private or political life and stand unusually high in the estimation of the voters in the county. Therefore we warn Republican voters not to tie themselves, through friendship or for any other reason, to a man who is not all that could be desired in every way. As a rule we have had excellent officers in this county, but as this year promises to bring out a large number of candidates, some of whom may not be desirable in every way, we wish to sound this warning before it is too late.

Heretofore it has been the policy of The Miner to take no hand in the selection of candidates at the primaries, but in this campaign at least we expect to have something to say about making these selections, believing that we can best serve the best interests of the Republican party by so doing, which has always been our aim.

Senator Stephen B. Elkins of West Virginia died in Washington at midnight last Wednesday. The cause of his death was blood poisoning. Senator Elkins has long been prominent in politics and was one of the best known men in the country.

The War Department is receiving reports from those engaged in raising the sunken battleship Maine, in Havana harbor, which according to engineers in charge, suggest the disaster was due to an internal explosion and not to an external agency. In the mud and silt in which the hull of the battleship lies buried have been found great quantities of coal and the bones of some of the crew of the ship who met their death when the explosion came and the ship sank. Engineering officers think the coal and the bodies of the men were blown from the battleship by an explosion in one of the air tight compartments in which was stored powder or other explosives. They do not think the coal could have been blown from the hull of the battleship by an outside explosion.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)

Death has wrought havoc again and again in the Senate of the Sixty-first Congress. The passing away of Senator Stephen Benton Elkins, while not unexpected within the past few weeks, is nevertheless a shock to those who recall his vigorous activity last session.

Senator Elkins first appeared in public life in Washington in 1879 as a delegate from New Mexico in the Forty-sixth Congress. He made one speech in that Congress and it was for the admission of the territory as a state. Senator Elkins' career in the Senate has been conspicuously devoted to study and work upon commercial questions coming before Congress, his greatest distinction having been achieved as chairman of the Committee on Interstate Commerce in its dealing with railway rate issues.

The death of the West Virginia senator leaves vacant the chairmanship of the Interstate Commerce committee and his places on Commerce, Appropriations, Rules, Printing and Geological Survey. His term ran to March 4, 1913, and his death is a loss to the Republicans of the Senate, reducing its majority to 8 in the next Congress.

As the West Virginian legislature which is in session, is strongly Democratic, that party will elect two senators, the election to be January 17.

An early report and an expeditious passage of the Rivers and Harbors bill is expected in the Senate. The aggregate sum of the Senate amendments is $2,500,000 and it is unlikely that the bill as it came from the House and the Senate additions will amount to much more than $25,000,000.

With the unexpended balances for a number of projects provided for in the rivers and harbor bill of last June reasonable provision has been for waterway improvement until the next regular Congress, undertakes to pass a bill. It is expected that something like a $50,000,000 bill, in accord with the policy of the National River and Harbor Congress, will be passed.

The little American contingent of sailors and marines occupying the island of Guam in the middle of the Pacific will have to wait more than a month for their Christmas remembrances from home which should have reached them on time. Just as the vale tide the transport Logan, with a cargo of Christmas trees and goodies of all kinds was drawing nigh the island when it was discovered that an enlisted soldier bound for the Philippines had smallpox. Nothing was allowed to land, and the ship was forced to proceed to Manila. The Christmas consignment had to be shipped back to the United States and thence it will be reshipped to Guam, on the first transport sailing eastward.

It will be just a year on January 18 since the Ballinger-Pinchot investigation was authorized by Congress. Agitations for a test vote on the three reports of the committee, the majority, the minority and the Madison report expect to get a vote by February 1.

The Bureau of Manufactures, Department of Commerce and Labor, has a communication from an American business house which states it has been purchasing dringing-straws abroad, but would like to make purchases in the home market.

The 13th of January will be a notable day in these parts. It will be on the day for the meeting of the National Board of Trade, whose membership represents business organizations in all the cities of the United States, the day Congress votes on the Panama exposition question and the date of the caucus of the House Democrats of the Sixty-second Congress. It is the common understanding among the Democrats that the first thing to be done will be the election of the Democratic or majority contingent of 12 members of the ways and means committee the early action being taken in order that the committee may get to work on the Democratic tariff bill.

Friends of Senator Charles J. Hughes of Colorado state that the condition of his health is so precarious that it is not at all probable that he will ever be able to resume his duties as a senator. It is expected that he will resign.

Champ Clark confesses that he may have some French blood in him. His name was originally James Beauchamp Clark, the middle name being for his mother's family name which was of Huguenot strain. The future Speaker of the House, of his own notion, cut out all of his name but the "Champ."

The battleship Arkansas, to be launched at Camden, New Jersey, at the yard of the New York Shipbuilding Company, Jan. 13, will be the largest warship afloat—26,000 tons, and carrying more highpower big guns than any other warcraft on the seas, having in turrets twelve 12-inch breech-loading rifles and 21 five-inch rapid fire cannon for broadside battery, to say nothing of numerous quickfiring automatic smaller rifles. She will have a crew of 1072 officers and men.

ANNOUNCEMENT PRICE LIST.

Following are our prices for political announcements in The Miner. A check for the required amount should accompany the order for all announcements to insure prompt publication:

Judge of Courts	$25.00
Member of Congress	25.00
State Senator	15.00
Member of Assembly	10.00
Sheriff	10.00
Prothonotary	10.00
Recorder of Deeds	10.00
Register of Wills	10.00
District Attorney	10.00
County Treasurer	25.00
County Commissioner	10.00
Clerk of Courts	5.00
County Auditor	5.00
Jury Commissioner	5.00

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address
E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

For Sale.

Ten shares Smethport Chemical Co. stock. Address Box 1832, Bradford, Pa. Jan.12-1t

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that on February 15, 1911, or as soon thereafter as same may be heard, application will be made to the Board of Pardons of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, sitting at Harrisburg, by John Beckman, at present confined in the common jail of McKean County, serving sentence for the crime of illegal liquor selling, for a full pardon for such offense and release from confinement.

The reasons alleged in said application for pardon will be the insolvency of the applicant and inability to pay fine and costs, and the affliction of applicant with pulmonary tuberculosis and general infirmes from a health standpoint to serve jail sentence.

JOHN RUFFALO,
Attorney for Applicant.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

should include your stock as well as your family. Feed your animals on feed from Green's. They will not only appreciate it, but give you more efficient service for being well fed on the best of feed.

F. A. GREEN.
Smethport, Pa.

WAVERLY

Waverly—the best petroleum products made—all made from high grade Pennsylvania Crude Oil.

Gasolines, illuminating oils, lubricating oils and parraffine wax for all purposes.

100 Page Booklet Free—tells all about oil.

Waverly Oil Works Co.
Independent Refiners
PITTSBURG, PA.

OIL

Professional Cards

Attorneys.

Sheridan Gorton.
ATTORNEY AT LAW. All legal business gives prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

GALLUP & SHATTUCK,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

V. B. BOUTON
ATTY.-AT-LAW
Grange Bank Bldg., SMETHPORT, Pa.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. Mayo & Son,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Mid Valley Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, - - - - - Penn'a
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

FREDERICK W. BACKUS.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
All business given careful attention.
Backus Building, opp. the Court House.
Smethport, Penna.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to

G. E. Bennington,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St. Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

DR. F. C. PIERCE
DENTIST
All up-to-date dental work promptly done. Crown and bridge work a specialty. Charges reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed.
Prices Right. Over 25 years Experience.
Office: Anderson & Carlson Block.

J. V. McALPIN,
Dentist
HOURS { 8:30 to 12 / 1:30 to 5
Odd Fellows' Building
SMETHPORT, - - - PA.

HOTELS.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop
F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy, its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, PROP'R
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

Reasonable Reductions
Seasonable Reductions

on all

SUITS AND OVERCOATS

WE DON'T SAY One-half off, but we do say, It will pay you to Compare Our Prices with others before you buy. Give us a look.

H. W. Rubin,
Smethport, Pa.

ONE MAN'S IDEA OF COMFORT,

may not be like another's, yet all are suited by the comfort which comes from wearing our shoes. They are made to fit the human foot, and they do it. At the same time they fill the most exacting requirements as regards style and elegance. Good wearing shoes, too. As to prices call and learn them.

ANDERSON & CARLSON,
The Shoe Men,
Smethport, Penna.

Brasted's
Finest in BAKERY Goods
Groceries and Confectionery.

Mid-Winter Sale of Clothing

This is our Annual Clean-up. Nothing is reserved. The greatest price reduction in the history of the business. We have

$25,000

worth of High Grade Clothing to sell. Come early.

SALE STARTS TO-DAY

In Children's Suits and Overcoats
we have made a wonderful cut in prices.

IKE SIMONS
Big Double Clothing House.
Bradford, Pa.

Watchmakers' Oil.
Watchmakers' oil is from the jawbone of the porpoise.

ENGSTROM & OLSON
Jewelers.
Our line is complete in Gold, Silver, and Precious Stones.
Special attention is given to Watch repairing and Engraving.
Engstrom & Olson
SMETHPORT, - - - - PA.

Real Estate Bargains

The undersigned offers for sale any or all of its property located in this borough.

Eleven Houses will be sold at one-half actual value.

Prices range from $475.00 to $625.00 Including lots.

Also 50 building lots.

See Jas. A. McKean, D. M. Brasted or C. D. Comes for prices, quick.

Smethport Land and Improvement Co.

SHOT TO PIECES

Price on Tires, Tubes and Repairing have been greatly Reduced.

NOW is the time to have your **TIRES**
Recovered, Retreaded or Repaired.

SMETHPORT INNER TUBES Are guaranteed to give satisfaction. SMETHPORT RELINERS will give you 1000 to 2000 more Mileage from OLD CASINGS.

A Full Line of Sundries in Stock

—Write us for Prices—

SMETHPORT RUBBER CO.
Smethport, Penn'a.

DAINTY UNDERMUSLINS

on Sale Friday Morning

A new, fresh line of Corset Covers, Drawers, Gowns and Skirts. The "Salina" Brand just renewed and makred for rapid selling—Corset Covers, lace and embroidery trimmed @ 25c. 50c. 75c. and $1.00

Drawers 25c. 50c. and $1.00
Gowns 50c. to $3.00
Skirts 50c. to $2.50

HATS

A few trimmed hats left at just ½ price.

FURS

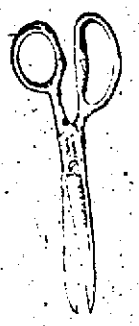
Furs at ⅓ off and now is the time they are wanted.

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CLAUSS

SHEARS AND RAZORS



with unlimited guarantee

—FOR SALE BY—

Daly & Garlick's

McKean County Miner.

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 12, 1911.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Miss Alice Irons, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Irons, is quite ill at her home on East Main street.

—According to a New Jersey court decision it is no crime to steal an umbrella on a rainy day.

—The county auditors are busy with their annual work of going over the accounts of the county.

—Mrs. J. W. Lee entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on King street yesterday afternoon.

—Miss Cora Abbey entertained a number of friends at cards at her home on Bank street last evening.

—Pupils who wish to enter the first grade in the Smethport schools will have an opportunity to do so on January 30 or 31.

—A letter which was mailed at Geneva, N. Y., on April 29, 1838, has just reached its destination, Yonkers, N. Y. It took over 72 years for this letter to travel 335 miles.

—The Jeffries-Johnson fight pictures which were exhibited here last Thursday evening are said to have been very tame; but the fact is the fight was a very tame affair.

—The rumor that passenger trains from Austin to Norwich over the new log road were soon to be put on is without foundation, according to a telephone message from the latter place.

—Dr. Thomas L. Kane of Kane and Miss Belle E. Kean of Warren were united in marriage at Kane on Tuesday, Jan. 3. The happy couple are now on their wedding trip in the south.

—A minstrel performance by home talent, under the direction of Mrs. H. C. Wells, will be held for the benefit of the Smethport Band sometime before Lent begins. Further particulars will be given later.

—The Coudersport Enterprise pays it compliments to the three members of the State Constabulary, who left that place on New Year's day after a prolonged stay, in a very uncomplimentary manner.

—Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Geary gave a party last Friday evening in honor of their daughter, Miss Mary. About thirty boys and girls were present and spent a very pleasant evening at dancing and other amusements. Excellent refreshments were served.

—From Paris comes the news that the "harem skirt" is to succeed the hobble skirt. It is a skirt divided and voluminous, fitting tightly about the ankles. The bag-like effect of the hobble skirt will be retained, but the wearer will be enabled to walk freely—and to look freakish. This latter effect is in consonance with 20th Century fashions and therefore the harem-skirt should become popular.

—At the Methodist Episcopal church next Sunday morning the theme will be "Are Men in Danger of Believing Too Much or Too Little? What Christ Said About It." The evening theme will be "Two Facts: Sin and Salvation."

—Theodore N. Barnsdall of Pittsburg, who has just returned from Paris, where he went to dispose of his vast oil and gas holdings in Oklahoma fields, announced that the deal was completed and that the entire Barnsdall properties had been taken over by a French and German syndicate. He says he was paid $15,000,000.—Kane Republican.

—The members of the Eastern Star attended the concert of the Toronto Male Quartette last Thursday evening, and after the concert they returned to their lodge rooms where excellent refreshments were served and dancing enjoyed until a late hour. Mrs. H. C. Wells, who has presided at the piano for a long time, was presented with a token showing in a small way the appreciation of the members for her excellent services rendered.

—The following officers of Smethport Lodge Protected Home Circle were installed Jan. 10, 1911: Past President, C. M. Colegrove; president, Elizabeth Purtle; vice president, Henrietta Gonia; guardian, Pearl Whalon; chaplain, Alice McClure; secretary, Anna Stark; accountant, Lillie Colegrove; treasurer, Jonathan Colegrove; guide, Emma Cummings; companion, Mittie Green; sentinel, Sarah Connolly; watchman, Geo. Gerritt.

—A special from Harrisburg says the shipping of automobile license tags for 1911 from the State Highway Department was commenced Tuesday. During the year which is just passed the division issued 33,351 licenses, which carried with them twice that number of tags; the tags are issued in pairs of the same number for display on vehicles fore and aft. The income from the licenses during 1910 has been approximately $300,000.

—Dr. R. C. Sartwell who recently condemned and slaughtered 11 cows owned by E. J. Leonard of Sawyer City, informs the Star-Record that many people have formed an erroneous impression relative to Mr. Leonard's herd. Every cow owned by Mr. Leonard was tested by the veterinarian and all but 11 were found to be in a healthy condition. The animals killed were the only ones showing any indications of tuberculosis.—Bradford Star-Record.

—John Miles, a 10-year-old New York boy, never had the automobile craze until he was hit by one. A verdict of $5,000 just awarded him by the Supreme court for his injuries will be spent for a speedy runabout. John was hit by an automobile delivery truck. One leg was broken. He thanked the jurors personally after the verdict. One of the jurors asked him what he intended to do with the money. "I'm going to buy an automobile right away," he said.

—The Smethport Fire Department will hold its sixth annual banquet and ball at the Smethport Lyceum on Tuesday, Jan. 24, and this event promises to be the best ever given by this popular organization. A Bradford caterer will serve the banquet and the music will be furnished by excellent talent. The committee in charge is composed of Samuel E. Bell, Geo. Brennan, Dr. J. V. McAlpin, E. A. Hamilton and John Stark, which is ample assurance that everything will be conducted in the best manner possible.

—The Rev. James A. Kimmons, the Rev. Bunyan Kimmons and the Rev. Judson Kimmons, all brothers, and members of the Baptist church, were jailed at Ellijay, Ga., on the charge of murder. The preachers, it is alleged, shot Carl Lingenfelt to death on Christmas day at Mt. Pisgah church. Since they have been in hiding for fear they would be killed by Lingenfelt's friends. The preachers are said to admit the killing, but say they shot in self-defense. Lingenfelt was a moonshiner and had threatened to kill the preachers.

—Morris Rizzo, a Clearfield Italian, who is charged with the murder of Fred Fulton, a resident of the same town on December 29, was captured at Medera, Pa., on Friday evening. He is now in jail at Clearfield to await trial. Rizzo was formerly a resident of Bradford. For a year or more he conducted a wholesale and retail banana store at the junction of West Washington and Pearl streets. At Clearfield he conducted a similar business. In an altercation it is alleged that Rizzo became enraged at Fulton and shot him through the head.—Bradford Era.

A Kane dispatch dated Jan. 10, says: The police of this borough are looking for two unknown Italians, who, early Friday morning, attacked Joe DeMarti, who is employed in the yards of the P. & E. railroad as a track walker and lamp lighter. They slashed the man with razors and if a train had not come along about that time they would have killed him. As it was the railroad man was badly injured, his assailants cutting him severely on the forehead, nose and cheek and down across the chin. This is the mark of the Black Hand upon victims who refuse to give money.

—If you burn gas for heating purposes in your home and have no outlet for the fumes of combustion, connect your stove with a flue at once—the fumes are poisoning you and your family. There is one way to be safe with a hose connection—throw the hose away, send for a plumber, and while he is making a gas connection have him make a connection with the chimney to carry off the fumes. One ordinaray gas jet consumes as much oxygen in a room as six people, and a stove consumes many times this amount. Individuals breathe out carbonic acid gas and the product of gas combustion is carbonic acid gas—both poisonous.

—The value of Pennsylvania's farm products in 1910 is placed at $173,362,000. More than 2,000,000 tons of hay figure in the totals, with almost 1,000,000 bushels of oats, 320,000 bushels of potatoes, 380,000 bushels of rye, 1,586,000 bushels of shelled corn and 1,556,000 bushels of wheat. Placing the crop value of the country at $3,478,417,773, it will be seen that Pennsylvania's contribution amounts to one-twentieth of the whole. There was an increase of land under cultivation of 200,000 acres. Westerners and others who have loudly believed that Pennsylvania was composed of coal and iron in equal parts will please take notice.

—At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Hamlin Bank & Trust Co. held Jan. 10, 1911, the following officers were elected for the year 1911: Directors—Henry Hamlin, Chas. McKean, Horace H. Hatfield, Orlo J. Hamlin, John Forrest, Fred D. Gallup, Jas. A. McKean, C. D. Comes, Ralph E. Burdick. The directors elected the following officers: President, Henry Hamlin; vice president, Orlo J. Hamlin; secretary and treasurer, Ralph E. Burdick; assistant treasurer, Guy McCoy. On Jan. 31st, 1910, the customary annual dividend of 10 per cent. was payed to the stockholders after which the annual statement was published showing resources of nearly $900,000.00

—Saturday afternoon while Cyril Pearson and several other boys were coasting on the cemetery hill, south of town, he was quite seriously hurt. The boys had gone to the top of the cemetery hill, and the Pearson boy was coasting on a toboggan and while going down the hill he was thrown from his toboggan after coming in contact with a post that protruded from the ground that was also the cause of his injury. In falling from the toboggan he fell on the post, inflicting two ugly wounds in the abdomen. He was picked up by three of his companions who put him on a sleigh and took him to his home on South Fraley street. A physician was summoned, and it required six stitches in each wound to close the lacerations. Whether the boy was internally injured or not cannot be ascertained until later, but at present is resting quite comfortably.—Kane Republican.

—Since the death of Senator Elkins the true story of the love affair of his daughter, Miss Katherine Elkins, and the Duke of Abruzzi has been published for the first time. They loved each other dearly but the Senator's ideas and those of the Duke's royal family did not harmonize. When the Duke asked the Senator for his daughter's hand in marriage he consented and offered a liberal settlement, but later when he learned that his daughter would not be taken into the royal family on equal standing with her husband and other wives who came from royal families of men of equal rank, he objected seriously. However he offered the Duke the same marriage settlement if he would come to the United States and become a citizen, giving up his royal family, and marry his daughter. This the Duke would not do, and as Miss Elkins was of the same opinion as her father the wedding was declared off. Both the Senator and Miss Elkins showed excellent good sense in their decision.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Elmer Quirk was a Bradford visitor Saturday.

Harry Metzgar returned from Detroit, Mich., Monday.

Harry S. Rubin and Kenneth Mayo are St. Marys visitors.

Bernard Garlick was a business visitor last Saturday in Bradford.

Miss Rachel Mayo was a Bradford visitor last Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. T. A. Morrison is spending the week with relatives in Bradford.

John B. Oviatt of Norwich was a business visitor in town on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wells were Bradford visitors on Friday and Saturday last.

Col. Melville M. Gillett was a visitor in Buffalo the latter part of the week.

Mrs. John D. Abbey is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. A. M. Thahm, of Bradford.

O. H. Miller of the Bradford Star-Record was a Smethport visitor on Saturday.

Mrs. W. B. Means is the guest of relatives and friends in Mt. Jewett this week.

Miss Marion Stark left Monday for Geneva, N. Y., where she will spend the winter.

Sheriff W. H. Morrison and Recorder H. M. Choate were Bradford visitors Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Palmer returned home last Saturday evening from a visit to Buffalo.

John B. Eastman is in Jamestown this week where he is receiving medical treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott F. Redfield and J. L. Morrison have returned from a trip to New York city.

Allan Morrison left Monday for Geneva, N. Y., where he will resume his studies in Hobart College.

E. T. Newman left last Thursday for Syracuse, N. Y., where he expects to spend the balance of the winter.

Miss Edna Comes was an Olean and Bradford visitor the latter part of last week, returning home Tuesday.

Editor C. F. Boller of the Port Allegany Argus had business in town yesterday and was a pleasant caller at this office.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frank Hunt of Rixford had business in town on Tuesday and were pleasant callers at this office.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard E. Merrill of Geneva, N. Y., were guests of her parents, Hon. and Mrs. Henry Hamlin, over Sunday.

T. F. Williams of Butler spent Sunday in town the guest of his wife and son, who were visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Cheeseman.

Mrs. T. F. Williams of Butler, who has been visiting her parents in town for the past three weeks, left on Tuesday for New York City, where she will visit her sister, Miss Genevieve Crosby.

County Commissioner J. P. Devlin has returned from Oregon where he took Henry Kinney to the State hospital for the insane. Mr. Devlin says they made the trip without trouble and he enjoyed the return trip very much.

C. L. Lilly, M. E. Simar and C. P. Manning of Port Allegany, W. E. Sawyer of Wrights, Frank Harmon and Eugene McCarey of Turtle Point, L. W. Howden and Mr. Guenter of Coryville, H. D. Otto of Framers Valley, Mr. White of Cores and C. J. Carey of Eldred were among those who attended the meeting of the McKean Grange Mutual Fire Insurance Company held here yesterday.

WHY,

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

BIG CLEARANCE SALE

on

Christmas goods and Toys

Everything sold at

Greatly Reduced Prices During January

WELLS' DRUG STORE

Smethport, Pa.

BROWNELL

NEXT DOOR TO GRANGE BANK

NO Dry Goods, Liquors or Hardware

BUT EVERYTHING IN GROCERIES

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

A GLAD NEW YEAR

it will be to those who have procured their fine table wines, liquors, cordials etc., at F. H. HUNGIVILLE'S. They will know that their wine closet or buffet is stocked with the best that is imported and that they can entertain their friends with the choicest from the sunny vineyards of France, Italy, Spain or Portugal, when it is secured from

F. H. HUNGIVILLE,
Wholesale Liquors,
Smethport, Pennsylvania.

NOW !!

Don't Miss This

BIG SALE

of clothing for men and boys.

You save
From $5 to $10.

By Buying now at

MONHEIMER'S

Blank Books

Playing cards, score cards and place cards.

Finest line in town.

Pure drugs and medicines

A. B. ARMSTRONG

Drug Store

CHARLEY WAH

HAND LAUNDRY

For Ladies and Gentlemen

Work Finished on Third Day.

Under Heath's Barber Shop

The Sky-Man

By

Henry Ketchell Webster

Illustrations by Chas. W. Rosser

Copyright, 1910, by The Success Co.

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Philip Cayley, accused of a crime of which he is not guilty, resigns from the army in disgrace, his affection for his intimate friend, Lieut. Perry Hunter, turned to hatred. Cayley seeks solitude, where he perfects a flying machine, consisting of a pair of great wings, whose motive force is the muscular power of his own body. While soaring over the Arctic regions, he picks up a curiously shaped stick he had seen in the assassin's hand. Mounting again, he discovers a yacht anchored in the bay. Descending near the steamer, he meets a girl on an ice floe.

CHAPTER II.—He learns that the girl's name is Jeanne Fielding and that the yacht has come north to seek signs of her father, Captain Fielding, an arctic explorer. A party from the yacht is making a search ashore. He volunteers to make a search of the land. After he departs Jeanne finds that Cayley had dropped a curiously-shaped stick.

CHAPTER III.—Unknown to those on the yacht, Captain Planck and the surviving crew of his wrecked whaler are in hiding on the coast. A giant ruffian named Roscoe, a member of the crew, had murdered Fielding and his two companions, after the explorer had revealed the location of enormous holes of pure gold. Roscoe then took command of the party, and at the approach of the steamer had removed all signs of habitation. It develops that the ruffian had committed the murder witnessed by Cayley. Roscoe plans to capture the yacht and escape with a big haul of gold.

CHAPTER IV.—Jeanne tells her guardian, Mr. Fanshaw, owner of the yacht, about the sight of the sky-man and shows him the stick left by Cayley as proof that it was not a dream. Fanshaw declares that it is an Eskimo throwing stick, used to shoot darts. Tom Fanshaw returns from the search party with a sprained ankle. Tom tells Jeanne of Cayley's disgrace. Perry Hunter is found murdered.

CHAPTER V.—Cayley, the sky-man, visits the yacht. He is accused of the murder of Hunter, and the circumstantial evidence is produced as additional against him. He denies the charge and tells of seeing a group of men on the shore when he was adrift. Jeanne recognizes Cayley as her friend in his hunting dress. A plan for rescuing Cayley is made for a later night, while the sky-man is right-handed.

CHAPTER VI.—A relief party is sent ashore to find the searchers. Tom confesses his love for Jeanne after a quarrel with her over the sky-man. Jeanne is shocked at the revelation, as she had always regarded Tom as a brother. Later Tom searches for Jeanne, and finds her missing from the yacht. Rescue of Cayley is planned that night and Tom is left helpless.

CHAPTER VII.

The Rosewood Box.

On the girl, Tom Fanshaw's passionate, stormy avowal had the effect of a sort of moral earthquake. It left the ground beneath her feet unstable and treacherous. It threatened to topple down about her ears the whole structure of her life. The very thing she had been most shocked and angry with a outside world and herself, was on this instant, fraught with a greater danger than any of them.

For the first few moments after his avowal she had felt no emotion other than that of astonishment and incredulity. Even when he asked her if she could not marry him, anyway, though the question revealed her, she told the truth in saying that she was not angry.

The anger came later, but it burned into a flame that was all the hotter for its tardiness in kindling. It must have an outlet somewhere, and, as such, the promenade up and down the other side of the deck was altogether insufficient.

The sight of a small boat at the foot of the accommodation ladder seemed to offer something better. So, pulling on a pair of fur gauntlets, she dropped into it, cast off the painter, shipped the pair of light oars it contained, and rowed away without any thought of her destination—of any destination whatever; without, even, a very clear idea of what she was doing. She must do something; that was all she knew. Certainly she pulled away from the yacht's side with no idea that she was running into any possible danger.

It was half a mile, perhaps, from the yacht to the particular bit of shelving beach toward which she unconsciously propelled the boat. She rowed steadily, without so much as a glance over her shoulder, until she felt the grate of the shingle beneath the bow.

She became aware, not only that she had unconsciously come ashore, but also that the yacht was nowhere to be seen. A bank of fog had come rolling in from the eastward, so heavy as to render an object 100 paces away totally invisible. The clump of empty buildings here on the beach could hardly be half that distance, as she remembered, yet looking round from her seat in the row boat, she could make out no more than their blurred masses against the white ice and sand which surrounded them.

She scrambled out of the boat and pulled it high up on the beach. The fog made the air seem cold, though for the arctic it was a mild night. Two of the abandoned buildings on the beach behind her were mere sheds, windowless, absolutely bare, never having served, evidently, any other purpose than that of storage. But the third, and largest, as she remembered it, offered a shelter that was becoming attractive. There were some rude bunks in it where she could rest comfortably enough; and, unless she was mistaken, Scales had left in the hut a half-burned candle which they had used in exploring its dark interior. She had a box of wax vestas in her pocket. She could go in there and make herself at home, and at the same time keep an alert ear for a hail from the yacht.

She found the candle in the place where she remembered Scales had laid it down, struck a light and wedged the candle into a knot-hole. She turned toward one of the bunks with the idea of stretching out there, and by relaxing her muscles, persuade, perhaps, her overstrung nerves to relax, too.

She had taken a step toward it, indeed, before she saw, through the murk and candle smoke, the thing that lay right before her eyes—a rather large, brass-bound rosewood box or chest. It had not been here in the afternoon when they had entered the place, for they had searched its bare interior thoroughly in the hope that there might be something which previous investigators had overlooked. This box, six inches high and a foot long, or more, could not have been here then. It was standing now in the most conspicuous place in the room—in the very middle of the bunk.

The sight of it might well have caused astonishment or alarm in the girl's mind. But it was neither alarm nor astonishment that her next act expressed. She dropped down on her knees beside the rude wooden bunk, drew the chest up close in the tight embrace of her young arms, laid her cheek against the cold polished surface of its blackened wood, and cried.

Every question that might have asked itself—how the thing could have come there, and what its coming might portend to herself or to the other of the Aurora's people—was swept away in a sudden rush of filial affection and regret which the sight of it instantly awoke. It had reached her with that sudden poignant stab of memory which inanimate objects, familiar by long association, seem to be more potent to call up than the very persons of the friends with whom they are associated. The sight of her father himself could hardly have had so instantaneous and overwhelming an effect upon her as the sight of this old chest, which was one of the earliest of her associations with him.

It had always stood, until he had taken it with him on that last voyage of his, upon a certain farther corner of his desk in the old library. It was one of those objects of a class that children always love—smooth, polished beautiful; beautiful and, at the same time, defying curiosity.

It was quite a masterpiece of cabinet work. No screws were visible, and the cover fitted so closely upon the box itself that the line which separated them was hard to discover. And there was no trace of keyhole or lock. To those initiated into its secret, it defied any attempt to open it.

Presently she scraped herself on the bunk, took the little chest on her knees and set about opening it. To [illegible] the cold and her excitement gave [illegible] rather a difficult thing to do, though her mind never, itself, dwelt over the slightest detail of the necessary formula of procedure. She knew in fact what order to press the three innocent-looking little brass [illegible] in that banks in the brass-binding; remembered the right moment to turn the box up on its end and let the last released steel ball roll down its channel to the pocket, where it must lie before the last pressure upon the

Neither Alarm Nor Astonishment That Her Next Act Expressed.

last spring would prove effective. She no more faltered over it than she would have faltered over her alphabet.

And at last, when her numbed fingers had completed their task, the counter-weighted lid rose slowly by itself, just as it had used to, and revealed to her swimming eyes the contents of the interior.

Up to the moment she had not realized what the finding of the dispatch box meant. It had not occurred to her that a full account of her father's expedition, a narrative which would reach, perhaps, to the morning of the last day of all, was lying here, right under her eyes.

But now when the cover opened and she saw beneath it a thick volume, bound in red morocco, she realized that here, under her hand, was the very object, in search of which the Aurora had set out upon her perilous voyage.

The first sight of her father's clear, erect, precise handwriting warmed her with a sudden courage. But even this new inspiration of courage did not make her strong enough to turn back and read the last entry in that tragic journal first. She tried to do it, but the will failed her. So she began at the beginning. Once she had plunged into the fascinating narrative, the whole of the outside world faded away from her. She was oblivious to the fact that the darkness outside was no longer the mere darkness of the fog; oblivious to the rising wind that poured its icy stream through the leaky walls of the hut and made the candle flicker; oblivious, even to the very sound which she had meant to wait for—the sound of Tom's voice calling out to her from the yacht, and the sound of other, more alarming, nearer voices.

They all fell on deaf ears as she turned page after page of that precious record of her father's life. It was written in the main, in the scientific, observant, unimpassioned temper which she knew so well. He chronicled those days of peril, when their ship, crushed in the ice, and only kept from sinking by that very ice, which had just destroyed her, was drifting along in the 'pack,' to what seemed certain destruction, as quietly and as explicitly as he did the uneventful voyage through Behring strait. The man's courage was so deeply elemental in him that he could not be self-conscious about it.

He told of the land, the strange, uncharted shore, whose discovery offered them a respite, at least, from that destruction; told how he got his remaining stores ashore and built the hut, where, in all human probability, he and his companions were to spend the rest of their lives.

Finally she reached the record of the day when he had consigned to the sea the bottle containing the chart of the coast and the account of his plight, together with the course which the relief ship must take, should such a relief ship be sent out, to have any hope at all of reaching them.

"I suppose," his narrative for this day concluded, "there is hardly one chance in ten thousand that my message will ever be picked up, and certainly not one in a million that it will be found in time to bring us effective relief. However, it helps to keep the others cheerful, and that is the main thing."

At the close of the day's entry was a single line which contracted her heart with a sharp spasm of pain. "This is Jeanne's birthday," it said.

She resumed her reading precipitately, and came to the point where the Aurora people entered into the narrative; their plight, their rescue and their welcome by the three men, who by now were the only survivors of the original expedition.

It was reading faster now, with none of those little meditative pauses that had marked her progress through the earlier pages of the journal, for the sinister termination of the narrative began to foreshadow itself darkly, from the moment—the first moment of the appearance of the Walrus people on the scene. Her father's description of the man Roscoe, of the expression that had been plain to read in his face as he had listened to the account of the gold-bearing ledge across the glacier, gave her a shudder of premonition; apparently, her father had experienced the same thing himself. Day after day Roscoe's name recurred, always accompanied by some little phase of misgiving.

For just one day this dread seemed to have been lifted from Captain Fielding's spirit. That was the day the men came back to them, putting an end to their long arctic night. "It has been a hard winter," he wrote, "and I am glad it is over. The hardest thing about it has been our sleeplessness, from which we have all suffered. Today we have enjoyed a change, having taken a walk along the beach. Even Roscoe seems humanized a little by a return of the frank sunshine, and may, perhaps, develop into a tolerable companion. Tomorrow I have promised, if it is fine, to guide them across the glacier to the gold ledge."

It was the next to the last entry in the journal. She turned the page, paled and pressed her lips tight together when the array of blank pages before her told her that she had reached the end. Then she read the last words her father had ever written.

"Took the Walrus people to the ledge today. Have no heart to describe the scene that they enacted there. The man Roscoe certainly means to kill me. If it were not for my conviction that the danger from him is largely personal to myself, that he means me and no other, probably, for his victim, I think I should have him shot as a measure of justifiable prevention. He is not a man, but a great sinister brute—literally sinister, for he is left-handed. I shall walk warily, and hope the crisis may soon be over." Evidently that part of his wish had come true.

The book slipped out of the girl's hands, and she sat, with horror-widened eyes, staring at the candle, until it guttered and went out. Slowly, the outside world began to take its place again around her. She knew that she was shivering, half-frozen, that the icy wind was whining through the cracks in her rude shelter.

She thought she heard some one moving about outside, and that thought brought her quickly to her feet. She made her way to the door of the hut, called out, waited a breathless instant—and cried aloud in sudden terror.

CHAPTER VIII.

Apparitions.

Roscoe did not pause to investigate the effect of his blow, nor to waste a second one. If the man who had confronted him there in the companionway was dead, so much the better. If he were only half-dead, the job could be finished at any time. He was out of the way for the present at least, Rosque hurried on, searching staterooms and passageways and finally the crew's quarters, forward.

When he had satisfied himself that he and his men were in undisputed possession of the yacht, he emerged on deck again by the forward hatchway, and found Captain Planck already there. He directed him to go below with Schwartz, who had been engineer aboard the whaler, and get steam up as promptly as possible. He himself remained on deck, directing the unloading and stowage of those priceless golden slabs that the rest of the party were bring out in boats from the shore.

"We've got it all, Roscoe, unless you want them barrels of whale oil," a man in the last boat sang out as they came alongside.

"We'll leave them to pay for this nickel-plated ship," Roscoe answered. "Come! Look alive and get aboard. We'll be ready to start as soon as we can get a little daylight."

He looked them over, numbered them as if they had been so many sheep, noted that they were all here, except poor Miguel; Planck and Schwartz were down tolling at the boilers.

"Stay here till I come back," he commanded. "I'm going below to see that everything's stowed all right. When I come back I want to talk to you."

He disappeared down the after hatchway, switched on a light and indulged in a long, satisfied look at the great masses of precious metal which were stacked, according to his directions, in the storeroom.

His purpose in coming down here was threefold. He meant to see that the gold was stored carefully and he meant to look the room over, so that its precious contents would not be tampered with, and below the key to it with him. He was not going to let any of his crew would try to steal it, but he thought the moral effect of having it locked away where it was inaccessible both to, and of his keeping the key in his own pocket would be a help in maintaining his prestige as commander. They knew the sea better than he did, just as he knew the nature of gold-bearing rock. It was necessary to do something to bolster up his position as chief of the party and keep it above dispute. He did not want to have to kill any of them yet. The Aurora would be short-handed enough as it was.

But there was one more reason for that hurried trip to the storeroom. He wanted to be sure that a certain rosewood box had come aboard along with the treasure and what few stores they were taking away with them.

That little box had occupied much of his leisure since the day when he had murdered the owner of it. He had sometimes wished that when it came into his hands that day he had yielded to his first impulse to shatter it, for the thing had always mocked him—coquetted with him.

He had often seen it lying open on Captain Fielding's table in the tiny walled-off cubby hole of a room they called the captain's cabin, while the captain himself was writing up his journal or working upon his charts. He had, during that first winter, frequently thought of trying to open it, should the opportunity offer itself.

After the murder, when he took that little room for his own quarters, he found the box and preserved it—with the idea that now, at least, he would get the better of it. He knew what its contents were well enough—Captain Fielding's charts and journal, and he had no curiosity concerning them. But the secret mechanism of the box itself tantalized him; and he meant some day to solve it. Once he had done so, he would kick the thing to pieces and destroy its contents.

That was all there was to it at first, but during the next winter, when the long night kept them prisoners in their narrow quarters, the mystery of that little rosewood box took on an added importance to him and to the others, out of all proportion to any effect which the solution of it could have. One by one, with the exception of the Portuguese, they tried. Hour after hour they labored with it, and invariably they failed.

The rest of them gave it up, and their admitted defeat gave Roscoe another incentive for solving the thing himself, for he meant to leave no stone unturned to convince them that they were fools and weaklings; that he, Roscoe, was the only man among them. Such a conviction was necessary to his leadership.

It was toward the end of that winter that the Portuguese made a suggestion destined to bear fruit. "It's a curse that has sealed up that box," he said. "You can't open it, and if you break it, the curse will kill you."

He evidently believed implicitly in this theory, for no persuasion could induce him to touch the box himself. Gradually the others had shown, by little involuntary acts, shrinkings and glances, that Miguel's belief was infecting them. Sometimes, after a long succession of sleepless, lightless days, Roscoe found himself believing it, too, and regarding that little box as the sealed-up casket of the murder he had done upon the owner of it. The crime was there inside.

To overcome that feeling, he had worked all the harder trying to solve its secret.

His interest, now, however, in making sure that the box had really been brought aboard the Aurora was not superstitious, but wholly practical. They were leaving most of their stores

Indulged in a Long, Satisfied Look.

behind them, as there was no time either to transport them to the Aurora or to destroy them. With these stores and with the shelter afforded by the hut and the little clump of surrounding out-buildings, it was probable that some members of the Aurora's party, at least, would survive the winter. If a relief ship should arrive the next summer, or even the summer thereafter, it would probably find some one on this desolate shore who could tell the story of the disappearance of the Aurora and form a more or less definite surmise as to the cause of it. That rosewood box had Captain Fielding's journal in it—a journal that had been written up to the very morning when Roscoe had murdered him. Its discovery would go a long way toward bridging the gap which Roscoe meant to leave in their departing trail. In short, if that rosewood box were left behind, Roscoe would always feel that he was in more or less danger of detection. And he didn't mean to have a thing like that hanging over him.

Consequently, when he discovered that the box was not on board, and that his particular instructions concerning it had been either neglected or disobeyed, he came back to it on deck again a most formidable figure, which caused his companions, hardened outcasts though they were, to cower and shrink away from him.

In a torrent of furious blasphemy, he demanded to know why that box had not been brought aboard, and the concentrated fury of his rage he emptied at last upon the two men whom he had ordered to do it.

"Now," he concluded, when the torrent had spent itself, "you go ashore, you two. Yes, you, Carlson—I mean you—and you, Rosse; go ashore now and get it."

Then, after a momentary silence, he raised out the command again, amid a foul flood of abuse.

But still they made no move to obey, and the big Swede, in evident terror, answered him. "I won't get it, Roscoe. If you want that box, you can get it yourself."

"What in hell do you mean?" the leader stormed. But his voice, even as he spoke, lost its confident tang of authority.

"You left him," said Carlson, nodding to his companion, Rosse. Evidently it was Rosse who had told the story to the other mutineers of the party. He was a softly built man with a studborn jaw, and Planck, in the days of his command, had always disliked him as that most undesirable past that can be found in a forecastle—a sea lawyer.

"What did you leave the box in the hut for?" he demanded. "He might not have come back if you had left it in the cave."

"Come back!" echoed Roscoe, with a growl.

"That's what I said. We went to the hut to get it, and there was a light inside, and there he sat, just like he used to. And he had the box open—"

"He! Who do you mean?" There was no trace of truculence in Roscoe's voice now. He spoke as though his throat was dry.

"It was Captain Fielding; him to the life. And, yet, it was different from the way he used to be. We couldn't see it very well. Its face was sideways and the light was behind it, and it looked smaller and thinner—more—more like a woman. (If Rose had had the word 'spiritual' in his vocabulary, he would have used it. In default of it, he gave up trying to express just what he meant.) Anyway, there he sat with the box open beside him, and that red book of his open on his knees. Go back for it? Well, I guess not."

There was a momentary silence after he had finished, and Roscoe could feel it, as it stretched itself out to the length of half a minute or so, the chill of their terror enveloping him. To throw it off, he blustered, stormed at and abused them for a pack of liars. But in the end he sprang down into one of the boats, and said he would fetch the box himself. Whether he believed their story, or not, it was the only thing for him to do.

As he pulled shoreward he tried hard to convince himself that he did not believe it; that Rose and Carlson had probably forgotten all about the box, and had trumped up the story to avoid the necessity of going back for it.

He beached his boat, scrambled ashore and set out walking doggedly along in the direction of the hut. The fog was still all but impenetrable, even to his practised vision, but he knew the shore like the palm of his hand, and he trudged on without a pause, until he was within ten paces, perhaps, of his destination.

But there he faltered and stopped, turned about, under an irresistible im-

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pulse of fear, and would have fled had not sheer necessity compelled him to stop again. There was a light, a diffused yellow glow, faint but unmistakable, shining out of the windows of the hut.

He knew he could not go back to the Aurora without that box; it was necessary both to his future safety and his present command of the situation. His one hold upon those sullen followers of his depended upon his being impervious alike to terror and to defeat. If he were to go back now without accomplishing his purpose, it would only be a question of days before they murdered him. They all hated him, enough for that, he knew.

Yet, even under that necessity, it was three or four minutes before, at the command of his burly will, he began creeping forward on hands and knees toward the lighted window of the hut.

And when he reached a point where he could command its interior, his knees slipped out from under him and he lay prone upon the icy beach, his face buried in his outstretched arms. For those two sailors had told the truth.

Presently he drew himself up and squatted back on his haunches, staring. Human or not, the figure there in the hut seemed unaware of his presence. It was staring at the expiring flame of the candle in profound abstraction. When it stirred, as presently it did, it was with a natural, human motion. And then the candle went out.

In the few seconds of silence which followed, his terror returned upon him with full force. But it went away as suddenly as it had come, and with its recession there surged up in him a wave of brutish anger. It was no ghost that had sat in contemplation over the contents of that box, for it was moving now, with human footsteps—faltering, uncertain footsteps, at that. And when it appeared, just visible and no more, outside the doorway, it called aloud in a human voice—a woman's voice.

At the sound of it, he drew himself up, towering, before her, and, so, became visible to her—a monstrous, blurred, uncertain shape.

And she cried out, this time in terror. Then, before he could spring upon her and kill her with his hands, as his brutish instinct of rage urged him to do, he started back suddenly, and himself cried out!

For a faint circle of light, waving, wandering, unearthly, was shining straight down upon both of them through the fog—out of the sky itself.

Looking up, he saw overhead a single, great luminous eye, and in the reflection of its own light upon the ice, very faintly, the fabric of outstretched wings.

Then from up there, overhead, he heard a voice—a quiet voice: "I'm here," it said. "Don't be afraid."

Blindly, Roscoe flung up his hands, whirled around and fell; scrambled to

Then From Up There Overhead He Heard a Voice.

his feet again and fled, like a man hag-ridden, down the shore.

As he did so, he heard a ragged volley of shots from the direction of the Aurora. This sound of plain human fighting, which he understood and did not fear, helped restore to equilibrium his mind, which a moment before had been tottering to absolute destruction. Once he could get back to his boat and feel the oars under his hands again—once he found himself pulling out toward the yacht, no matter how desperate the odds awaiting him there might be against him, he would, he felt, be himself once more.

He ran on and on down the beach. He had not passed his boat, he knew; but he finally realized that he had passed the place where he had brought the boat ashore.

CHAPTER IX.

Waiting for Dawn.

Cayley wheeled so that he headed up into the wind and dropped, facing the girl and with his back, to her retreating assailant. He had to drop almost vertically in order to avoid being blown out into the sea after he struck the ice. Even as it was, he went slithering down the glassy slope toward the water, and only managed to check his impetus by throwing himself flat on his face and clutching at a hummock which chanced to offer him a precarious hold. He had come down "all adrift" as sailors say, and his monstrous wings, powerless for flight but instinct with flapping perversity, cost him a momentary struggle while he was getting them bundled into controllable shape.

But, thanks as much to luck as to skill, he presently found himself upon his feet uninjured. He at once set out, making what haste he could, across the ice toward where he had last seen the girl, shouting up the gale to her at the same time, to know if she were safe. He heard no answer, but presently made her out, dimly, only a pace or two away. His first act then, even before speaking, was to take out his pocket electric bull's eye and turn it full upon her.

"It's just to make sure you're not hurt—that I really got down here in time," he apologized. "I wish I might have saved you the terror, but it wasn't until you cried out that I knew—"

"I'm not hurt," she assured him. "I'm a little dazed, that's all.—No, not with fright, with wonder. I hardly had time to be frightened. But I thought you'd gone this morning, that you had abandoned us just as you said you would. And yet, when I cried out just now, for help, it was you that I called to. . . . And then you came, out of the sky, just as I was sure you would. For I was certain, with the same certainty one has in dreams. Now, that it's over, I find myself wondering again if you are real. I'm not hurt at all."

Before he could find anything to say in answer, they heard another shot, muffled in the fog, from the direction of the Aurora, and in prompt reply to it, another volley.

"Wasn't there firing before?" she asked. "Can any one be attacking the yacht? There is no one there but Tom, you know, and he's disabled.—Can't we—can't I, get out there any way? The boat I came ashore in is right here."

Without making her any answer, he carried the unwieldly bundle his wings made into the hut and left it there, then returned to her and offered her his hand.

"We'll go down and look for your boat," he said.

Along the water's edge they searched, aided by the little beam from his bull's-eye, the sound of intermittent firing from the yacht urging haste all the while. But it did not take long to force the conviction upon them that the boat was gone. Blown adrift, most likely, was Cayley's explanation.

He felt her trembling. Whether with cold or dread, he did not know, but he took her arm and straddled her with the pressure of his own.

"Come back to the hut," he said. "The situation isn't as bad as you think. I'll tell you when we get to shelter where we can talk."

She turned obediently, and breasted the icy slope with him. Neither spoke again until they were safe in the lee of the hut. Then he said:

"I don't think Renshaw is alone there on the yacht. The relief party and the first party from the Aurora got together some time this afternoon and started back toward the shore. They should be aboard the yacht by now, though, when the fog fell it put an end to my activities. The Walrus people have undoubtedly attacked them, but they shouldn't have any trouble in beating them off. They outnumber them and they are better armed; in fact, so far as I know, the Walrus people aren't armed at all. They knew—your people I mean—that the yacht was likely to be attacked. I told them so, myself, and then their pretended guide confessed."

"How did you know about the Walrus?" she asked curiously.

"The Portuguese was one of them; he had guided your first party down into a little valley of perpetual fog, under orders to abandon them there. When he saw me sailing about overhead—through the fog, you know—he broke down and confessed and then—well, he made a clean breast of it. He knew nothing of the details of his leader's plans; but the mere fact that he had been delegated to guide the party into a place from which it was to be expected they could never get out, was conclusive as to his intentions at least."

He had spoken rather disconnectedly, his sentences punctured by the sounds of firing from the yacht. By the time he finished they were almost continuous.

"Why does it sound so much fainter than it did?" she asked. "It's not nearly so loud as that first volley we heard."

"It's a trick of the fog, very likely," he said. "Fog is a frightfully treacherous thing. It deceives men's ears as well as their eyes. There's no judging distance through it. When you cried out just now, I couldn't tell whether you were 50 feet below me or 500 feet. I was up above it, you see, and I hadn't any way of telling how deep it was.—There! Do you hear?" he went on. "The firing has stopped altogether. Your people are almost certainly safe."

"Will you let me go inside this hut," he asked, "and see if it is habitable? If it is, you'd better go in and let me make you as comfortable as I can. I don't think you need have any fears about the Walrus people. And worrying wouldn't do any good any way. There's nothing we can do but wait for daylight. Nothing can happen anywhere until then."

He had, very distinctly, in mind what might happen then if the Walrus people were repulsed from the yacht. Unless they were all destroyed in the attack, they would undoubtedly make trouble as soon as morning revealed the fact that they had two hostages in their hands. But he could fight them off better from the doorway of the hut than from anywhere else. And there was no need of troubling the girl with that consideration, not for the present, at least.

"It's all right in there," she said. "I spent I don't know how many hours there reading before you came. But the candle has burned out."

The open door behind them gave access into a tiny shed, protruding from the corner of the hut and serving, evidently, as a vestibule for it. The inner door, a heavier and stronger affair, opening at right angles to it, gave access to the interior of the hut.

Cayley switched on his bull's-eye and cast a brief glance about the room. There were two or three rude, flimsy-looking doors which undoubtedly opened into small, cabin-like bedrooms; but the principal part of the hut was taken up by the room in which they found themselves.

Cayley set his little bull's-eye on a shelf where they could make the most of its thin pencil of light. He then turned his attention to the door, and after a little struggle succeeded in getting it shut, and, what was more, securely bolted, by means of a heavy wooden bar which dropped into an iron crotch. If they were attacked with the first of the daylight, this place would afford them security until the people from the Aurora could come to their rescue. His revolver was a Colt, 45, and his belt was full of cartridges. With that weapon, he remembered that he had once been considered the best shot in the army.

The girl, when he turned to look at her, was seated on the edge of a bunk at the other side of the hut. Her pallor, the traces of tears he could see in her eyes, the pathetic droop to her lips, all emphasized the thing her voice had told him already, namely, that some emotional crisis, which she had been through in those recent hours, had left her quite exhausted.

Without a word, he turned to his bundle which he had deposited in a corner of the room, and fished out from it his sheep-skin sleeping-bag. It was not until he approached her, with it across his arm, that his eye fell upon the rosewood box and the morocco-bound book which lay beside it.

Her eye followed his. "They're father's papers," she said. "I found the box in here. That's why I stayed. I had come ashore—"

"Wait a minute," he interrupted. He took up the book with a gentleness almost reverent, laid it in the little chest and set it down on the floor beside the bunk.

The quality of the act brought the too ready tears to her eyes, but he did not look up at her to surprise them there. "Now," he said, "I'm going to take off these boots of yours, which are wet, but which will serve excellently, nevertheless, for a pillow, and you are to take off that heavy coat and get inside this bag. Have you ever slept in one?"

He was already tugging at one of the boots, and her protest went unheeded—it was only a half-hearted protest after all.

When he had taken off the boots, she submitted, without demur, to his unfastening the frogs on her heavy sealskin coat and slipping it off her shoulders.

When finally, with some assistance from him, she nestled down inside the great fleece-lined bag, when he had rolled her small boots into a bundle and made a pillow of them for her head, as he had said he would, she exclaimed, half-rebelliously, at the comfort of it all.

"It is so deliciously warm and soft," she said. "I didn't know you were just being a luxurious sybarite when you refused a mattress and a pair of blankets on the yacht. If only you could be warm, too, and comfortable."

"I shall be," he assured her. "I'll make a cushion of that great coat of yours and sit down here at the foot of the bunk. You're not to bother about me. You're to prove the efficacy of the sleeping-bag by going to sleep in it."

"And what will you do all the while sitting there and keeping watch? Would you—would you like to read father's journal? If you would, I'd like to have you, after what you said long ago about the men who risked and lost their lives trying to reach the pole. I think if you will read that book, you will understand, in spite of your wings. And—well, I'd like to have you understand."

He moved the bull's-eye to another part of the hut, where the light from it would not shine in her eyes, and would illuminate the pages of the book she offered him to read, while he sat, wrapped in her great coat, at the foot of the bunk.

Once as he passed by her in the completion of these arrangements, she withdrew her hand from the bag and held it out to him. "You've been very good to be," she said—"I don't mean by risking your life and plunging down into that bank of fog when you knew I was in danger. A brave man would do that, I suppose—some brave men, any way. But you've been better than that—"

He told her not to talk, but to go to sleep; and without any more words ensconced himself at her feet, drew his legs up under him, tailor-fashion, and began to read.

She saw him close the book at last and sit there, as she had sat, with it upon his knees, absorbed, reflective. Suddenly, he took up the book again, opened it and referred to the entry on that last page.

He was thinking now, not dreaming. His mind was on the active present. Before long he stole a look at her. She met his eyes.

"I'm glad father told us that the man was left-handed," she said gravely. "Because the man who killed Mr. Hunter was left-handed, too."

She had spoken the very thing his own mind had been groping for without finding, and he started and stared at her. "Why do you say that?" he demanded. "How do you know?"

"It was a left-handed stick. I took it up in my left hand and it fitted; that was when I was fetching it out of the cabin for Uncle Jerry."

"Then that was how you knew I hadn't done it?"

"No. I didn't need any proof. I knew already without that."

"Suppose I had turned out to be left-handed, too?"

"I didn't think of that. But it wouldn't have made any difference to me. When you really have faith in anybody it isn't easily shaken; not by mere circumstances, at least."

"'When you really have faith,'" he repeated. "Yes, I suppose that's so." He pressed his hands against his temples. "But there isn't too much of that divine commodity in the world."

There was a long silence.

(To be continued.)

GOETHE ON HAMLET.

The Great German Poet's Analysis of "the Melancholy Dane."

Figure to yourself this youth, this son of princes; conceive him vividly, bring his state before your eyes and then observe him when he learns that his father's spirit walks. Stand before him in the terror of the night when the venerable spirit appears over him. A horrid shudder passes over him; he speaks to the mysterious form; he sees it beckon to him; he follows it and hears. The fearful accusation of his uncle rings in his ears, the summons to revenge and the piercing oft repeated prayer, "Remember me!"

And when the ghost has vanished who is it that stands before us? A young hero panting for vengeance? No! Trouble and astonishment take hold of the solitary young man. He grows bitter against smiling villains, swears that he will not forget the spirit and concludes with the significant ejaculation:

The time is out of joint. O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!

In these words, I imagine, will be found the key to Hamlet's whole procedure. To me it is clear that Shakespeare meant in the present case to represent the effects of a great action laid upon the soul unfit for the performance of it. In this view the whole piece seems to be composed. There is an oak tree planted in a costly jar which should have borne only pleasant flowers in its bosom; the roots expand, the jar is shivered.—From "Wilhelm Meister."

Perplexed.

"Your daughter's brain, madam, appears to be normal."

"Dear, dear, we've never had anything of that kind in the family before, I'm sure!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Wig.

The wig is older than civilization, for the savage used one to make him more formidable on the field of battle. The French revolution killed the article as a piece of headgear. Before the guillotine fell in France the wig which adorned the heads of its victims cost $150 to $200.

Telegrams in Japan.

Japanese telegrams are sent on white paper and received on red. The receiving sheet folds up and becomes its own envelope.

Old Postal Rates.

The high postal rates that prevailed in the earlier years of the last century made the transmission of a letter or parcel a matter of serious moment.

"A packet weighing thirty-two ounces was once sent from Deal to London," writes Mrs. Eleanor Smyth in her life of Sir Rowland Hill. "The postage was over £6, being * * * four times as much as the charge for an inside place by the coach. Again, a parcel of official papers small enough to slip inside an ordinary pocket was sent from Dublin to another Irish town addressed to Sir John Burgoyne. By mistake it was charged as a letter instead of as a parcel and cost £11. For that amount the whole mail coach plying between the two towns with places for seven passengers and their luggage might have been hired."—London Chronicle.

To Identify a Child.

My small son did not return at the regular time one day while out with a maid. The thought terrified me that in case of an accident there would be no way of identifying him should he be lost. The next morning I cut pieces of wide tape, on which I wrote very clearly his name, address and our telephone number in indelible ink. I sewed one of these pieces to each of his underwaists, in front where it could be plainly seen.—K. E. A. in Harper's Bazar.

Taking No Chances.

The big steamer had left the pier. The young man on the tar barrel still waved his handkerchief desperately.

"Oh, what're you waiting for? Come on," said his companions disgustedly.

"I daren't," with one fearful glance backward.

"What's the matter?"

"She has a field-glass," said the young man.—Everybody's.

In the Barber Shop.

Customer—What do you mean by that sign, "Shaving Pessimists, 25 cents?" Barber—That's because it takes more time to shave a man with a long face.—Judge.

Distance.

"Father, is it very far across the ocean?"

"Yes; it's a long way."

"About how many blocks?"—Browning's Magazine.

He that lives upon hopes will die fasting.—Franklin.

FAMILY SACRIFICES

They Serve to Make a Merry Christmas

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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"I don't see how we can afford to observe Christmas this year, Henry," remarked Mrs. Tiddleberry two weeks before that anniversary. "We've had so much sickness and bad luck during the past twelve months that to make any gifts will mean getting in debt for living expenses, and I am unwilling to do that."

Mr. Tiddleberry looked up from his paper with a relieved expression on his tired face. "I've been pondering that matter for several days, my dear."

Suddenly the wife looked up and saw her husband take a cigar from his pocket, regard it speculatively and then, sighing, return it to the case.

"Henry," she said, "smoke your cigar! You needn't think you're going to save on your only consolation just to buy some foolish nonsense for the children. How much of your month's salary will there be after you've laid aside the amount of the interest due the first of the year?"

"None," confessed her husband candidly.

"Then why should we try to observe Christmas just as if this year had been a prosperous one?"

"You have stumped me, Anne. I hate to give up Christmas, but I guess we'll have to."

"I'll do the best I can," promised Mrs. Tiddleberry as she folded up the stockings. "There will be enough to eat, but it will be plain. I laid a little money away for Bob's suit and for Linnie's new coat, and that will be all the Christmas they can have this year. I can make some black walnut candy for them and some popcorn."

"You're right, as usual, Anne," and Mr. Tiddleberry bent to kiss her flushed cheek.

When she broke the news to Linnie and Bob the next day their young faces grew quite round and solemn, and she felt a little lump in her throat as they trudged off to school with a cheerful "All right, mother, dear."

"They're disappointed enough," she murmured, "but they won't say anything. I'm proud of their pluck."

Mr. Tiddleberry developed a habit of working late in the city, and each night found him taking a later train to his suburban home until finally he stamped into the house on Christmas eve just as the clocks were striking 11.

"Henry Tiddleberry," said his wife severely, "it seems to me the importing business is picking up or you're getting behind with your books. There must be some reason for your working late at the office. You never did it before."

"There is an excellent reason, my dear," said Mr. Tiddleberry amiably as he hung his overcoat before the kitchen stove to dry, "which I will explain to you in due time. It certainly is a wild night, Anne—a typical Christmas eve. Where are the young-sters?"

"Gone to bed like lambs," said their mother in a burst of admiration. "I haven't told them just what their Christmas presents were to be, but they are clever enough to guess, I suppose. I told them it was something to wear."

"How about dinner tomorrow? Got everything in that you need?"

"Everything," said Mrs. Tiddleberry, bending a flushed face over the evening newspaper she had just opened. "I told you this morning it would be the first Christmas eve you didn't have to do any shopping. Did you miss it, Henry?"

"Did I?" exclaimed Mr. Tiddleberry emphatically.

"So did I," admitted Anne soberly. "Doesn't seem like Christmas at all. I told the children to hang up their stockings."

"They might as well, I suppose," said Mr. Tiddleberry, rather gloomily. "If you hadn't forbidden me, Anne, I might have managed a few oranges or something. I believe I'll go out and get some now." He reached into the kitchen for his overcoat, but Anne slipped to the china closet and threw open the door.

"Wait, Henry! Look there!"

"Great smoke!" whistled Mr. Tiddleberry, and then he chuckled softly to himself. "Oh, Anne, Anne, how could you, when you forbade me to buy a thing?"

"I baked a half dozen Christmas plum puddings and sold them and made enough to get some oranges and nuts," blushed Mrs. Tiddleberry under his tender scrutiny. "I couldn't bear to have them find empty stockings."

"Is that all?" demanded her husband.

"Isn't it enough?" she evaded. "Come in the parlor and look at the coat and suit. I made a larger fire in the furnace and turned the heat in here so it would be warm when they got up in the morning."

"What else have you done, Anne?" persisted Mr. Tiddleberry. "Confess! I'll give you"—looking at his watch—"just three minutes. Fire ahead!"

Anne sank back in a big rocking chair and closed her eyes wearily. "Well, I found one of Linnie's old dolls and made new clothes for it from head to foot. It looks like new. Then I made her three dainty handkerchiefs. I had the material in the house, and I fitted a little workbasket for her. That's all for Linnie. I made Bob a bath robe."

"A bath robe? Out of what—paper?"

"I had an extra blanket, a small one, so I dyed it red and made a robe for him, using a curtain cord and tassels dyed the same color. That's all except the popcorn and candy. I never spent a penny for anything except nuts and oranges."

"It's enough, Anne Tiddleberry, and you were the exponent of the giftless Christmas! Good night, my dear. Go to bed. I shall sit up awhile."

"I'm afraid I've spoiled your Christmas by objecting to the presents," she said, with compunction in her tone, as she lingered by his side.

"Not at all, my dear. I wouldn't be surprised if this turned out to be the happiest Christmas we ever had."

For a long while after his wife had departed Mr. Tiddleberry waited in silence, and when he had quite determined she must have retired, he tip-toed softly to and fro between the parlor and the hall closet under the stairs, his stockinged feet making no sound on the carpeted floor.

First he untied a package and looked with unstinted admiration upon a cotton crepe kimono in gay tints of red and yellow, a pair of brown kid gloves and a book that his wife had longed for. He found a pair of stockings in her darning basket and hung one beside Linnie's, putting nuts and candy and a big orange in first. Then he stuffed in the kimono and the gloves and laid the book on the shelf above it.

Into Linnie's well filled stocking he dropped a tissue paper package containing a silver bracelet, and into Bob's there went a pair of skates. After he had solemnly executed a highland fling on the hearth rug Mr. Tiddleberry extinguished the lights and went to bed much pleased with his own shrewdness.

Later Mrs. Tiddleberry arose from beside her sleeping husband and crept down in the darkness to hang one of his socks beside Bob's. She heard him stirring and fitted back again without nothing any additions to the row of stockings on the shelf.

Just before daybreak Bob's door opened softly, and a ghostly figure made a journey down to the parlor and returned. It was not until the cold Christmas sun was peeping over the rim of the world and gilding Linnie Tiddleberry's bedroom window that the little girl stirred from her warm nest and finally slipped down the stairs over the pricking carpet.

Just as she reached her bedroom door her father's voice roared in fiendish ferocity: "Merry Christmas! Who goes there?"

"Me," cried Linnie. "Merry Christmas, everybody."

That was the signal for all the Tiddleberrys to arise, for it was a Christmas custom with them that they should all go downstairs together on Christmas mornings. Mr. Tiddleberry looked very comfortable and self-satisfied as he hurried into his dressing gown. His wife was laughing with some hidden happiness, while Linnie and Bob sat on the top stair fully dressed and giggling joyfully.

It was a solemn, happy procession that wended its way down the stairs that morning. "Remember, children," said Mrs. Tiddleberry, "I told you not to feel disappointed if Santa Claus did not remember you very bountifully this year. Perhaps he has forgotten you entirely. We are all so happy," she looked around at the little group, "that it seems as though we had every gift that Christmas can bring, health and one another and peace and good will."

"And lots of love," lisped out Linnie.

"And the pleasure of working for each other," added Mr. Tiddleberry complacently as he opened the parlor door.

"Whoop-ee!" shouted Bob, making a dash for his plethoric stocking.

"Oh!" cried Linnie delightedly.

"Oh!" echoed her astonished mother as she claimed her own stocking.

"Great smoke!" ejaculated Mr. Tiddleberry, feeling of his own dependent sock. "What's here, Anne? Wearing out your pretty eyes over a knitted scarf for me? And what is this and this?" He held two objects to view.

"I gave you the knife, and I want a penny so as not to cut friendship," shouted Bob from the folds of his bath robe as he strapped on his skates, "and I gave mother the hairbrush, and I made Linnie the doll house out of a soap box and some wall paper."

"And I gave you the pipe, father, and the perfume is for mother, and I knitted the toboggan cap for Bob out of my old sweater—I unraveled it," cried Linnie breathlessly.

Mrs. Tiddleberry was crying softly over the contents of her stocking. "I thought I was the only one who could sacrifice for the others," she said shamefacedly, but they all fell upon her with caresses.

"Bob," said his father, "how did you do it?"

"Sold my rabbits—didn't want 'em anyway," said Bob defiantly.

"I ran errands for Mrs. Mosher, and altogether I earned 45 cents," declared Linnie proudly.

"Anne, you made plum puddings," accused her husband.

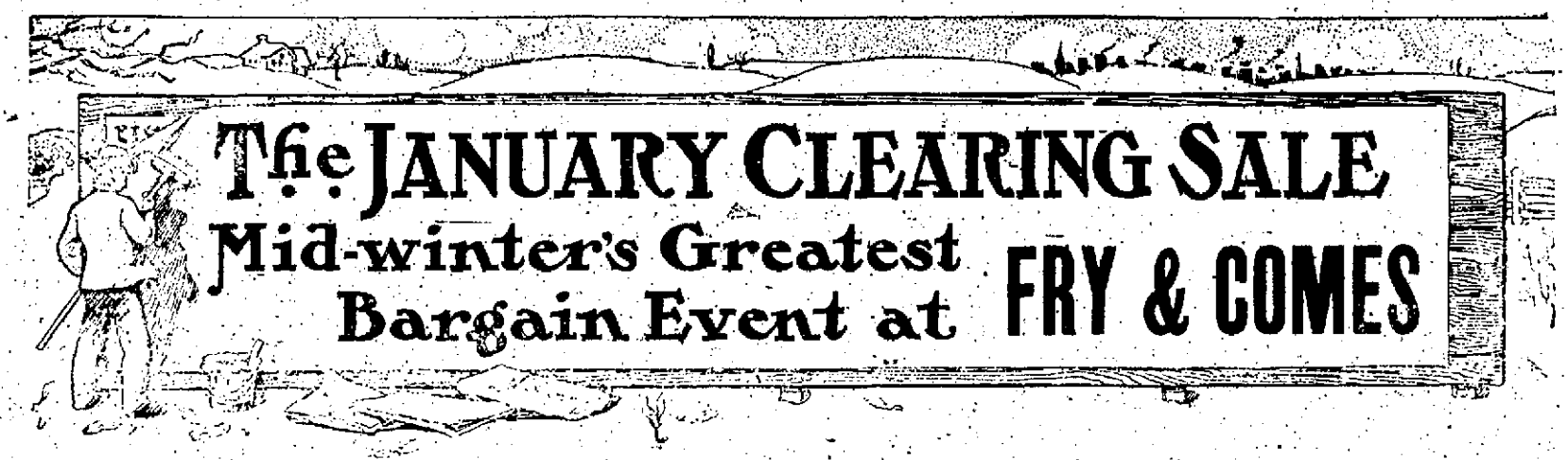
"Yes, and there's one for dinner, with other good things," she said happily. "How about your, Henry? How could you afford it? Does your delay in getting home nights account for it?"

Mr. Tiddleberry nodded. "Been clerking in a bookstore nights to earn those things. Bully plan too. Guess I'll do it every year."

"This is the best Christmas we ever had," declared Bob enthusiastically as he flung his arms about his mother's neck.

"I guess it must be because we all love each other so much," said Linnie sagely. And that was really the secret of the whole affair.

8 DAYS



8 DAYS

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The greatest money saving carnival of the year--a Bargain event that will make your dollars do practically double duty--It is our purpose to keep our stock fresh and up to date at all times, beginning each season with new and attractive merchandise. This sale is a clearance of surplus Winter stocks and odds and ends which naturally accumulate during a busy season of selling. It is not a sale of goods bought for sale purposes--every item is from our regular stock and in every instance values quoted for comparision are our actual selling prices before the sale and what they will be the day after the sale closes--You can figure out your exact saving before you come to the store.

Here are some prices--from these you can form an idea on anything else you may need in dry goods--The price cutting is uniformly great throughout the store.

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$8.50 Wool & Fibre 8.3x10.6 now .....$ 6.75
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$16.50 Velvet 9x12 now $13.75
$20.00 Seamless Velvet, 9x12, now $16.00
$19.50 Axminister 8.3x10.6 now $15.75
$25 Best Body Brussels 9x12 now $20.00
$35 Axminister 11.3x12 now $25.00
$2.25 Axminster 27x54 at $1.75
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An every day want at economy price.

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Hill Bled. 36 in. now 9c
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Lonsdale Cambric Bled. 36 in., now 11½c
Lockwood Bled. 50 in. now 15c
Lockwood Bled. 54 in. now 18c
Lockwood Bled. 81 in. now 25c
Peerless Unbd. 36 in. 7c
Black Rock Unbd. 36 in. ... 7c
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WAISTS, Sizes 32 to 44

White Lawns at ½ price.

$1.00 Waists now 50c
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$2.75 Waists now $1.38
$3.50 Waists now $1.75

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Black, whites and colors.

$2.25 Waists now $1.50
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Ladies' Knit Gloves.

Regular price 25c, now...19c
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Children's Gloves & Mittens.

10c Mittens, now 8c
15c Mittens, now 11c
25c Gloves & Mittens, now 19c
50c Gloves & Mittens, now 38c

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Light and dark Colors.
Width 27 inches.
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American Printing Co. Prints in short lengths, 6 to 20 yards at 5c

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The complete stock is offered at reductions ranging from ¼ to ½ off regular prices. All the popular shades and wanted weaves are here—Serges, Panamas, Etamines, Lansdowns, Broadcloths, Cheviots, etc.

25c regular price now 19c
50c regular price now 38c
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$1.00 regular prices now 75c
$1.25 regular prices now 95c
$1.50 regular prices now $1.13
Odd lots and short lengths at ½.

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COATS, SUITS, SKIRTS.

All this seasons styles in Blacks and colors. Everyone with the "Wooltex" guarantee of "two seasons satisfactory wear."

1-3 of the prices taken off.

Ladies' Coats—Sizes 16 to 44.

Regular prices .....$16.50 to $35.00
Now .....$11.00 to $23.00

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Regular prices .....$21.50 to $35.00
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Regular prices .....$7.75 to $16.50
Now .....$5.17 to $11.00

Ladies' Skirts—Sizes 23 to 28.

Regular prices .....$6.75 to $9.75
Now .....$4.50 to $6.50

BEDDING.

Substantial saving on things most needed now.

$1.00 Fleeced Blankets 11-4 now .....$ .80
$1.90 Fleeced Blankets 12-4, now $1.50
$4.50 Wool Blankets, 11-4 now $3.50
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$1.00 Bed Spds. full size at 80c
$1.25 Bed Spds. full size at 95c
$1.50 Bed Spds. fringed or plain now $1.20
$2.00 Bed Spds. fringed or plain now $1.60
$2.50 Bed Spds. fringed or plain now 2.00
$3.50 Bed Spds. fringed or plain now $2.80
75c Seamless sheets 81x90 now 60c
50c Seamed Sheets 72x90 now 42c

SILKS AT BIG REDUCTION

A lot of plain and fancy Silks, Taffetas, Messalines & Satins, Crepe de Chines & Chinas. Prices cut 1-3 and in some instances short lengths are marked at half regular price.

38c values now at 25c
50c values now at 34c
60c values now at 40c
75c values now at 50c
$1.00 values now at 67c
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LADIES' KNIT UNDERWEAR.

Odd lots of broken sizes at Half Price.

All other underwear reduced 25 per cent.

25c Vests & Pants, ea. now 19c
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$1 Vests & Pants, ea. now 75c
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$1.00 Union Suits, now ..75c
$1.50 Union Suits, now $1.13
$2.00 Union Suits, now $1.50

CORSETS & CORSETS WAISTS.

Odd lotsof "Glove Fitting" and other makes priced for quick clearance. Not all sizes of any one style but nearly every size in the combined lot.

$1.50 values now 98c
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Renew your window hangings at a substantial saving.

$1.00 Lace Curtains now $ .75
$1.25 Lace Curtains now ...95
$1.50 Lace Curtains now $1.13
$2.00 Lace Curtains now $1.50
$2.75 Lace Curtains now $2.06
$3.50 Lace Curtains now $2.63
$4.75 Lace Curtains now $3.56

TABLE LINENS.

25c Damask, now 19c
50c Damask, all linen, now 38c
50c Damask, ½ linen, now 38c
75c Damask, all linen now 55c
$1 Damask, all linen, now 75c
$1.25 Damask all linen now 95c
$1 Napkins, hemmed, now 75c
$1.25 Napkins now $1.00
$1.50 Napkins now $1.13
$1.75 Napkins hem'd now $1.35
$2.00 Napkins now $1.50
$2.00 & $3.00 Napkins now $2.25
$3.50 Napkins, now $2.63

NOTIONS.

Little things that everybody needs.

1 Lot assorted white and colored yarn, Shetland and Saxony. Regular price 10c, now 5c
15c Velvet Grip Hose Supporters, Misses and Babies size, now 11c
3c Darning Cotton now ..1½c
5c Aunt Lydias Thread now 4c
5c Lustre or Silkateen now 4c
3c Ideal Nuns Embdy cotton 1c
10c Crepe Paper now 6c
10c can of Skat now 7c

LANCASTER APRON GINGHAMS.

Regular price 8c, now 7c

IDEALENE, 27 inches wide.

A substitute for French flannel. Excellent for Waists, Shirts, etc. White with stripe. Gray with stripe and figure.
Regular price the yard ...20c
Now 15c

TOWELINGS.

Good Cotton Crash, yd...4½c
Brown and Bleached Linen Crash.
10c values, now per yard.. 8c
12½c values, now per yd..10c
15c values, now per yard..11c
17c values, now per yard..13c

MEN'S FURNISHINGS.

1 Lot Cluett Negligee Shirts $1.50 values now 75c
1 Lot Monarch Negligee Shirts, $1.00 values now 50c
All other Dress, Negligee and Working shirts at ¼ off regular prices.
50c shirts now 38c
$1.00 shirts now 75c
$1.50 shirts now $1.13
$2.00 shirts now $1.50

Sweater Coats.

$1.50 values now $1.13
$2.00 values now $1.50
$2.90 values now $2.18
$3.50 values now $2.63

Underwear.

50c Shirts & Drawers, each, now 38c
$1.00 Shirts & Drawers, each, now 75c
$1.50 Shirts & Drawers, each, now $1.13
$1.50 Union Suits now...$1.13
$2.00 Union Suits now...$1.50

LADIES' RAIN COATS.

Serge, Taffeta, Moire and Pongee. Gray, Navy, Brown and Black. Sizes 34 to 44.
Regular prices $10.50 to $16.50
Now .....$ 7.75 to $11.00

DRESS GINGHAM.

Red Seal, Bates, Searsucker, Toile de Noid, etc. 27 inches wide.

12½c grade, now 10c
15c Plaids, now 11c

DUCKLING FLEECE

27 inches wide.

For Kimonas, Dressing Sacques, Etc.
Regular price the yard....15c
Now 11c

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR.

Counter soiled garments—Half Price. Regular stock ¼ off.

LADIES' SWEATERS.

Sizes 34 to 42.

$1.00 Sweater Coats, now 75c
$1.50 Sweater Coats, now $1.13
$2.00 Sweater Coats, now $1.50
$2.75 Sweater Coats, now $2.06
$3.50 Sweater Coats, now $2.63

BASKETS.

You save 1-3 over regular prices.

50c Waste Baskets now...34c
$1.00 Waste Baskets now 67c
$2.75 Hampers now $1.83
$1.50 Sewing Baskets now $1

FLANNELETTS

27 inches wide
Light and Dark Colors.

10c grade, now 8c
12½c grade, now 10c
15c grade, now 11c

LADIES' NECKWEAR HALF PRICE.

1 Lot Fancy Collars, Jabots, etc, at half prices.

25c values 13c
50c values 25c

FANCY LINENS.

Hemstitched, Emb'd, and Fringed Doilies, Tray Cloths, Lunch Cloths, Scarfs, etc., at ¼ off regular prices.

TAM-O'-SHANTERS.

Excellent headwear for school children
Values 35c to $1.00
Choice at 25c.

CHILDREN'S SWEATERS.

Sizes 4 to 34.

$1.00 Sweater Coats, now 75c
$1.50 Sweater Coats, now $1.13

LININGS.

Our 28c Mercerized Satins 36 in. wide, White, Black, and Colors, nows 20c

CHILDREN'S KNIT UNDERWEAR.

Sizes 16 to 34.
All styles reduced 25 per cent.

LACES & EMBROIDERIES.

Lay in a stock for spring sewing. The saving is worth while. 1-3 off regular prices.

FRY & COMES

SMETHPORT, PA.